



Shakespeare

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE:
IN
EIGHT VOLUMES.

Collated with the Oldest Copies, and Corrected :
With NOTES, Explanatory, and Critical :

By Mr. *T H E O B A L D*.

The SECOND EDITION.

I, Decus, i, nostrum : melioribus utere Fatis. Virg.

L O N D O N :

Printed for H. Lintott, C. Hitch, J. and R. Tonson,
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and E. New.

M D C C X L.

WORKS

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BY M. T. F. O. S. L. N.

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M D C C X L

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The TEMPEST.

The MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

The TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.

MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

MEASURE for MEASURE.



A 2

THE TAMPAN

VOLUME THE FIRST

CONTAINING

- The Tempest.
- The Midsummer-Night's Dream.
- The Two Gentlemen of Verona.
- Merry Wives of Windsor.
- Measure for Measure.

THE TAMPAN



TO
Her ROYAL HIGHNESS, the
PRINCESS of WALES.

M A D A M,

AS I am conscious, that
no Composition of my
own could be worthy
to be laid at Your *Royal*
Highness's Feet; It is my Hap-
piness, as an Editor, to have
this Opportunity of approach-
ing You, by submitting to Your
Protection the best *Dramatic*
Poet that these Kingdoms could
ever boast of. He enjoy'd, whilst
living, the Favour of the Greatest

DEDICATION.

Queen that has fate on the *English* Throne; and therefore, I hope, is intitled to Your *Royal Highness's* Smiles over his Urn.

Could I picture out his Character equal to its Merits, the World would soon discover a sort of Parallel betwixt the Poet and his Patroness. His Excellencies were as great, as they were various; his Beauties strong, and all native; the Frame of his Mind as sweet and candid, as his Countenance was open and engaging; and his Sentiments as chaste, as his Conceptions were noble: He knew how to charm without Affectation; and had the wondrous Force, of preserving all Hearts, that once felt the Influence of his Attractions.

After what I have said, MADAM,
I am afraid the Duty of this
Address

DEDICATION.

Address should be misconstrued a Panegyrick on Your *Royal Highness*. But I have profess'd myself unequal to the Task of drawing his Portraiture, and my humble Sphere in Life sets me at too great a Distance to take even the Out-lines of Your Perfections. I would not therefore, where I cannot presume to do Justice, be thought to descend to the unbecoming Art of Flattery. I must launch out, indeed, a great way, to make myself liable to that Imputation, with regard to Your *Royal Highness*; but Dedications are generally suspected of Overstraining.

How far so ever, MADAM, my Vanity or my Ambition might mislead me into that Tract, I'll oblige myself to govern Both by my

DEDICATION.

Duty ; and turn all Attempts of Praise and Compliment into Veneration and pious Wishes. That You may long continue to bless the Eyes and Arms of the PRINCE, Your *Illustrious Consort* ; and that You may continue to bless the Nation with a numerous Succession of Princes, to the future Glory and Security of our Establishment, is my ardent Prayer ; and in That I will center the only Merit, by which I would pretend to profess My self,

M A D A M,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

most Dutiful and most Obedient

Humble Servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.



THE P R E F A C E.



THE Attempt to write upon SHAKESPEARE is like going into a large, a spacious, and a splendid Dome thro' the Conveyance of a narrow and obscure Entry. A Glare of Light suddenly breaks upon you, beyond what the Avenue at first promis'd: and a thousand Beauties of Genius and Character, like so many gaudy Apartments pouring at once upon the Eye, diffuse and throw themselves out to the Mind. The Prospect is too wide to come within the Compass of a single View: 'tis a gay Confusion of pleasing Objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general Admiration; and they must be separated, and ey'd distinctly, in order to give the proper Entertainment.

And as in great Piles of Building, some Parts are often finish'd up to hit the Taste of the *Connoisseur*; others more negligently put together, to

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strike the Fancy of a common and unlearned Beholder: Some Parts are made stupendiously magnificent and grand, to surprize with the vast Design and Execution of the Architect; others are contracted, to amuse you with his Neatness and Elegance in little. So, in *Shakespeare*, we may find *Traits* that will stand the Test of the severest Judgment; and Strokes as carelessly hit off, to the Level of the more ordinary Capacities: Some Descriptions rais'd to that Pitch of Grandeur, as to astonish you with the Compass and Elevation of his Thought: and others copying Nature within so narrow, so confined a Circle, as if the Author's Talent lay only at drawing in Miniature.

In how many Points of Light must we be oblig'd to gaze at this great Poet! In how many Branches of Excellence to consider, and admire him! Whether we view him on the Side of Art or Nature, he ought equally to engage our Attention: Whether we respect the Force and Greatness of his Genius, the Extent of his Knowledge and Reading, the Power and Address with which he throws out and applies either Nature, or Learning, there is ample Scope both for our Wonder and Pleasure. If his Diction, and the cloathing of his Thoughts attract us, how much more must we be charm'd with the Richness, and Variety, of his Images and Ideas! If his Images and Ideas steal into our Souls, and strike upon our Fancy, how much are they improv'd in Price, when we come

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to reflect with what Propriety and Justness they are apply'd to Character! If we look into his Characters, and how they are furnish'd and proportion'd to the Employment he cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the Mastery of his Portraits! What Draughts of Nature! What Variety of Originals, and how differing each from the other! How are they dress'd from the Stores of his own luxurious Imagination; without being the Apes of Mode, or borrowing from any foreign Wardrobe! Each of them are the Standards of Fashion for themselves: like Gentlemen that are above the Direction of their Tailors, and can adorn themselves without the Aid of Imitation. If other Poets draw more than one Fool or Coxcomb, there is the same Resemblance in them, as in that Painter's Draughts, who was happy only at forming a Rose: you find them all younger Brothers of the same Family, and all of them have a Pretence to give the same Crest: But *Shakespeare's* Clowns and Fops come all of a different House: they are no farther allied to one another than as Man to Man, Members of the same Species: but as different in Features and Lineaments of Character, as we are from one another in Face, or Complexion. But I am unawares launching into his Character as a Writer, before I have said what I intended of him as a private Member of the Republick.

Mr. *Rowe* has very justly observ'd, that People are fond of discovering any little personal Story
of

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of the Great Men of Antiquity : and that the common Accidents of their Lives naturally become the Subject of our critical Enquiries : That however trifling such a Curiosity at the first View may appear, yet, as for what relates to Men of Letters, the Knowledge of an Author may, perhaps, sometimes conduce to the better understanding his Works : And, indeed, this Author's Works, from the bad Treatment he has met with from Copyists and Editors, have so long wanted a Comment, that one would zealously embrace every Method of Information, that could contribute to recover them from the Injuries with which they have so long lain o'erwhelm'd.

'Tis certain, that if we have first admir'd the Man in his Writings, his Case is so circumstanc'd, that we must naturally admire the Writings in the Man : That if we go back to take a View of his Education, and the Employment in Life which Fortune had cut out for him, we shall retain the stronger Ideas of his extensive Genius.

His Father, we are told, was a considerable Dealer in Wool; but having no fewer than ten Children, of whom our *Shakespeare* was the eldest, the best Education he could afford him was no better than to qualify him for his own Business and Employment. I cannot affirm with any Certainty how long his Father liv'd; but I take him to be the same Mr. *John Shakespeare* who was living in the Year 1599, and who then, in Honour of his Son,

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Son, took out an Extract of his Family-Arms from the Herald's Office; by which it appears, that he had been Officer and Bailiff of *Stratford* upon *Avon* in *Warwickshire*; and that he enjoy'd some hereditary Lands and Tenements, the Reward of his Great Grandfather's faithful and approved Service to King *Henry VII.*

Be this as it will, our *Shakespeare*, it seems, was bred for some Time at a Free-School; the very Free-School, I presume, founded at *Stratford*: where, we are told, he acquired what *Latin* he was Master of: but, that his Father being oblig'd, thro' Narrowness of Circumstance, to withdraw him too soon from thence, he was thereby unhappily prevented from making any Proficiency in the Dead Languages: A Point, that will deserve some little Discussion in the Sequel of this Dissertation.

How long he continued in his Father's Way of Business, either as an Assistant to him, or on his own proper Account, no Notices are left to inform us: nor have I been able to learn precisely at what Period of Life he quitted his native *Stratford*, and began his Acquaintance with *London*, and the *Stage*.

In order to settle in the World after a Family-manner, he thought fit, Mr. *Rowe* acquaints us, to marry while he was yet very young. It is certain, he did so: for by the Monument, in *Stratford* Church, erected to the Memory of his Daughter

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ter *Susanna*, the Wife of *John Hall*, Gentleman, it appears, that she died on the 2d Day of *July*, in the Year 1649, aged 66. So that she was born in 1583, when her Father could not be full 19 Years old; who was himself born in the Year 1564. Nor was she his eldest Child, for he had another Daughter, *Judith*, who was born before her, and who was married to one *Mr. Thomas Quiney*. So that *Shakespeare* must have entred into Wedlock, by that time he was turn'd of seventeen Years.

Whether the Force of Inclination merely, or some concurring Circumstances of Convenience in the Match, prompted him to marry so early, is not easy to be determin'd at this Distance: but 'tis probable, a View of Interest might partly sway his Conduct in this Point: for he married the Daughter of one *Hathaway*, a substantial Yeoman in his Neighbourhood, and she had the Start of him in Age no less than 8 Years. She surviv'd him, notwithstanding, seven Seasons, and dy'd that very Year in which the *Players* publish'd the first Edition of his Works in *Folio*, Anno Dom. 1623, at the Age of 67 Years, as we likewise learn from her Monument in *Stratford-Church*.

How long he continued in this kind of Settlement, upon his own Native Spot, is not more easily to be determin'd. But if the Tradition be true, of that Extravagance which forc'd him both to quit his Country and Way of Living; to wit, his being engag'd, with a Knot of young Deer-stealers,

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to rob the Park of Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherle-*
cot near *Stratford*: the Enterprize favours so much
of Youth and Levity, we may reasonably suppose
it was before he could write full Man. Besides,
considering he has left us six and thirty Plays, at
least, avow'd to be genuine; and considering too,
that he had retir'd from the Stage, to spend the
latter Part of his Days at his own Native *Strat-*
ford; the Interval of Time, necessarily required
for the finishing so many Dramatic Pieces, obliges
us to suppose he threw himself very early upon the
Play-house. And as he could, probably, contract
no Acquaintance with the Drama, while he was
driving on the Affair of Wool at home; some
Time must be lost, even after he had commenc'd
Player, before he could attain Knowledge enough
in the Science to qualify himself for turning Au-
thor.

It has been observ'd by Mr. *Rowe*, that, amongst
other Extravagancies which our Author has given
to his Sir *John Falstaffe*, in the *Merry Wives of*
Windsor, he has made him a Deer-stealer; and
that he might at the same time remember his *War-*
wickshire Prosecutor, under the Name of *Justice*
Shallow, he has given him very near the same Coat
of Arms, which *Dugdale*, in his Antiquities of
that County, describes for a Family there. There
are two Coats, I observe, in *Dugdale*, where three
Silver Fishes are borne in the Name of *Lucy*; and
another Coat, to the Monument of *Thomas Lucy*,
Son

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Son of Sir *William Lucy*, in which are quarter'd in four several Divisions, twelve little Fishes, three in each Division, probably *Luces*. This very Coat, indeed, seems alluded to in *Shallow's* giving the dozen White *Luces*, and in *Slender* saying, *he may quarter*. When I consider the exceeding Candour and Good-nature of our Author, (which inclin'd all the gentler Part of the World to love him; as the Power of his Wit obliged the Men of the most delicate Knowledge and polite Learning to admire him;) and that he should throw this humorous Piece of Satire at his Prosecutor, at least twenty Years after the Provocation given; I am confidently persuaded it must be owing to an unforgiving Rancour on the Prosecutor's Side: and if This was the Case, it were Pity but the Disgrace of such an Inveteracy should remain as a lasting Reproach, and *Shallow* stand as a Mark of Ridicule to stigmatize his Malice.

It is said, our Author spent some Years before his Death, in Ease, Retirement, and the Conversation of his Friends, at his Native *Stratford*. I could never pick up any certain Intelligence, when He relinquish'd the Stage. I know, it has been mistakenly thought by some, that *Spenser's Thalia*, in his *Tears of his Muses*, where she laments the Exile of her *Willy* in the Comic Scene, has been apply'd to our Author's quitting the Stage. But *Spenser* himself, 'tis well known, quitted the Stage of Life in the Year 1598; and, five Years after this,

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this, we find *Shakespeare's* Name among the Actors in *Ben Jonson's Sejanus*, which first made its Appearance in the Year 1603. Nor, surely, could he then have any Thoughts of retiring, since, that very Year, a Licence under the Privy Seal was granted by K. *James I.* to him and *Fletcher, Burbage, Phillippes, Hemings, Condel, &c.* authorizing them to exercise the Art of playing Comedies, Tragedies, &c. as well at their usual House call'd the *Globe* on the other Side of the Water, as in any other Parts of the Kingdom, during his Majesty's Pleasure: (A Copy of which Licence is preserv'd in *Rymer's Fœdera*.) Again, 'tis certain, that *Shakespeare* did not exhibit his *Macbeth*, till after the Union was brought about, and till after K. *James I.* had begun to touch for the *Evil*: for 'tis plain, he has inserted Compliments, on both those Accounts, upon his Royal Master in that Tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the Number of the Dramatic Pieces, he produced, admit of his retiring near so early as that Period. So that what *Spenser* there says, if it relate at all to *Shakespeare*, must hint at some occasional Recess he made for a time upon a Disgust taken: or the *Willy*, there mention'd, must relate to some other favourite Poet. I believe, we may safely determine that he had not quitted in the Year 1610. For in his *Tempest*, our Author makes mention of the *Bermuda* Islands, which were unknown to the *English*, till, in 1609, Sir *John Summers*

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mers made a Voyage to *North-America*, and discover'd them: and afterwards invited some of his Countrymen to settle a Plantation there. That he became the private Gentleman, at least three Years before his Decease, is pretty obvious from another Circumstance: I mean, from that remarkable and well-known Story, which Mr. *Rowe* has given us of our Author's Intimacy with Mr. *John Combe*, an old Gentleman noted thereabouts for his Wealth and Usury: and upon whom *Shakespeare* made the following facetious Epitaph.

*Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his Soul is not sav'd;
If any Man ask who lies in this Tomb,
Oh! oh! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*

This sarcastical Piece of Wit was, at the Gentleman's own Request, thrown out extemporally in his Company. And this Mr. *John Combe* I take to be the same, who, by *Dugdale* in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, is said to have dy'd in the Year 1614, and for whom at the upper end of the Quire, of the Guild of the Holy Cross at *Stratford*, a fair Monument is erected, having a Statue thereon cut in Alabaster, and in a Gown, with this Epitaph. " Here lyeth enterr'd the Body of
" *John Combe* Esq; who dy'd the 10th of *July*,
" 1614, who bequeathed several Annual Charities
" to the Parish of *Stratford*, and 100*l.* to be lent
" to fifteen poor Tradesmen from three years to
" three

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“ three years, changing the Parties every third
“ Year, at the Rate of fifty Shillings *per Annum*,
“ the Increase to be distributed to the Almes-poor
“ there.” --- The Donation has all the Air of a
rich and sagacious Usurer. *Shakespeare* himself did not survive *Mr. Combe*
long, for he dy’d in the Year 1616, the 53d of
his Age. He lies buried on the North Side of the
Chancel in the great Church at *Stratford*; where
a Monument, decent enough for the Time, is erected
to him, and plac’d against the Wall. He is represented
under an Arch in a sitting Posture, a Cushion
spread before him, with a Pen in his Right
Hand, and his Left rested on a Scrawl of Paper.
The *Latin* Distich, which is placed under the Cushion,
has been given us by *Mr. Pope*, or his Graver,
in this Manner.

INGENIO Pylium, Genio Socratem, Arte
Maronem,

Terra tegit, Populus mæret, Olympus habet.

I confess, I don’t conceive the Difference betwixt
Ingeniô and *Geniô* in the first Verse. They seem to
me intirely synonomous Terms; nor was the *Pylian*
Sage *Nestor* celebrated for his Ingenuity, but for
an Experience and Judgment owing to his long Age.
Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, has copied
this Distich with a Distinction which *Mr. Rowe*
has follow’d, and which certainly restores us the
true Meaning of the Epitaph.

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ICIO Pylium, Genio Socratem, &c.

4, the greater part of the Town of *Strat-*
consumed by Fire; but our *Shakespeare's*
among some others, escap'd the Flames.
se was first built by Sir *Hugh Clopton*, a
brother of an ancient Family in that
hood, who took their Name from the
Clopton. Sir *Hugh* was Sheriff of *Lon-*
Reign of *Richard III*, and Lord Mayor
of King *Henry VII*. To this Gen-
Town of *Stratford* is indebted for the
bridge, consisting of fourteen Arches,
an extraordinary Expence he built over
together with a Cause-way running at
d thereof; as also for rebuilding the
ning to his House, and the Cross-Isle
h there. It is remarkable of him,
e liv'd and dy'd a Batchelor, among
nsive Charities which he left both to
London and Town of *Stratford*, he be-
derable Legacies for the Marriage of
of good Name and Fame both in
Stratford. Notwithstanding which
s in his Life, and Bequests at his
ad purchased the Manor of *Clopton*,
te of the Family, so he left the same
ler Brother's Son with a very great
roof, how well Beneficence and Oe-
walk hand in hand in wise Fami-
lies:)

las:) Good
Possession of
Clopton, Knt.
brother of the
bequeathed to
by the Name
The Estate
on Family for
Shakespeare be
repair'd and m
the Name to
house, since e
day retains.
ended it, com
to the Time
repurchased by
sion now belo
the Favour of
Knowledge of
Poet's once Dr
Mr. *Rowe* n
War rag'd in
Queen was d
make a Recess
for three Wee
ably suppose it
Town; and h
which was in
who did not fo

Dr. *Rowe* ed or
most

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Good part of which Estate is yet in the Possession of *Edward Clopton*, Esq; and Sir *Hugh Clopton*, Knt. lineally descended from the Elder Brother of the first Sir *Hugh*: Who particularly bequeathed to his Nephew, by his Will, his House, and the Name of his *Great-House* in *Stratford*. The Estate had now been sold out of the *Clopton*-family for above a Century, at the Time when *Shakespeare* became the Purchaser: who, having purchas'd and modell'd it to his own Mind, chang'd the Name to *New-place*; which the Mansion-house since erected upon the same Spot, at this Day retains. The House and Lands, which attended it, continued in *Shakespeare's* Descendants till the Time of the *Restoration*: when they were purchas'd by the *Clopton* Family, and the Mansion-house now belongs to Sir *Hugh Clopton*, Knt. To do Honour and Favour of this worthy Gentleman I owe the Dedication of one Particular, in Honour of our once Dwelling-house, of which, I presume, *Shakespeare* never was appriz'd. When the Civil War was raging in *England*, and *K. Charles the First's* Majesty was driven by the Necessity of Affairs to take a Recess in *Warwickshire*, She kept her Court three Weeks in *New-place*. We may reasonably suppose it then the best private House in the Kingdom; and her Majesty preferr'd it to the *College*, which was in the Possession of the *Combe*-Family, and did not so strongly favour the King's Party.

How

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How much our Author employ'd himself in Poetry, after his Retirement from the Stage, does not so evidently appear: Very few posthumous Sketches of his Pen have been recover'd to ascertain that Point. We have been told, indeed, in Print, but not till very lately, That two large Chests full of this Great Man's loose Papers and Manuscripts, in the Hands of an ignorant Baker of *Warwick*, (who married one of the Descendants from our *Shakespeare*) were carelessly scatter'd and thrown about, as Garret-Lumber, and Litter, to the particular Knowledge of the late Sir *William Bishop*, till they were all consumed in the general Fire and Destruction of that Town. I cannot help being a little apt to distrust the Authority of this Tradition; because his Wife surviv'd him seven Years, and as his Favourite Daughter *Susanna* surviv'd her twenty six Years, 'tis very improbable, they should suffer such a Treasure to be remov'd, and translated into a remoter Branch of the Family, without a Scrutiny first made into the Value of it. This, I say, inclines me to distrust the Authority of the Relation: but, notwithstanding such an apparent Improbability, if we really lost such a Treasure, by whatever Fatality or Caprice of Fortune they came into such ignorant and neglectful Hands, I agree with the *Relater*, the Misfortune is wholly irreparable.

To these Particulars, which regard his Person and private Life, some few more are to be glean'd from

THE PREFACE.

From Mr. ROWE's Account of his *Life* and *Writings*: Let us now take a short View of him in his publick Capacity, as a *Writer*: and, from thence, the Transition will be easy to the *State* in which his *Writings* have been handed down to us.

No Age, perhaps, can produce an Author more various from himself, than *Shakespeare* has been universally acknowledg'd to be. The Diversity in Stile, and other Parts of Composition, so obvious in him, is as variously to be accounted for. His Education, we find, was at best but begun: and he started early into a Science from the Force of Genius, unequally assisted by acquir'd Improvements. His Fire, Spirit, and Exuberance of Imagination gave an Impetuosity to his Pen: His Ideas flow'd from him in a Stream rapid, but not turbulent; copious, but not ever over-bearing its Shores. The Ease and Sweetness of his Temper might not a little contribute to his Facility in Writing: as his Employment, as a *Player*, gave him an Advantage and Habit of fancying himself the very Character he meant to delineate. He used the Helps of his Function in forming himself to create and express that *Sublime*, which other Actors can only copy, and throw out, in Action and graceful Attitude. But *Nullum sine Veniâ placuit Ingenium*, says *Seneca*. The Genius, that gives us the greatest Pleasure, sometimes stands in Need of our Indulgence. Whenever this happens with regard to *Shakespeare*, I would willingly impute it to a Vice of his *Times*.

We

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We see Complaisance enough, in our Days, paid to a *bad Taste*. So that his *Clinches, false Wit* and descending beneath himself, may have proceeded from a Deference paid to the then reigning *Barbarism*.

I have not thought it out of my Province, whenever Occasion offer'd, to take notice of some of our Poet's grand Touches of Nature: Some, that do not appear superficially such; but in which he seems the most deeply instructed; and to which, no doubt, he has so much ow'd that happy Preservation of his *Characters*, for which he is justly celebrated. Great Genius's, like his, naturally unambitious, are satisfy'd to conceal their Art in these Points. 'Tis the Foible of your worser Poets to make a Parade and Ostentation of that little Science they have; and to throw it out in the most ambitious Colours. And whenever a Writer of this Class shall attempt to copy these artful Concealments of our Author, and shall either think them easy, or practised by a Writer for his Ease, he will soon be convinced of his Mistake by the Difficulty of reaching the Imitation of them.

Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra; laboret,

Ausus idem: ———

Indeed, to point out, and exclaim upon, all the Beauties of *Shakespeare*, as they come singly in Review, would be as insipid, as endless; as tedious, as unnecessary: But the Explanation of those Beauties

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ties, that are less obvious to common Readers, and whose Illustration depends on the Rules of just Criticism, and an exact Knowledge of human Life, should deservedly have a Share in a general Critique upon the Author. But, to pass over at once to another Subject: —

It has been allow'd on all hands, how far our Author was indebted to *Nature*; it is not so well agreed, how much he ow'd to *Languages* and acquir'd *Learning*. The Decisions on this Subject were certainly set on Foot by the Hint from *Ben Jonson*, that he had small *Latin* and less *Greek*: And from this Tradition, as it were, Mr. *Rowe* has thought fit peremptorily to declare, that, "It is without Controversy, he had no Knowledge of the Writings of the ancient Poets, for that in his Works we find no Traces of any thing which looks like an Imitation of the Ancients. For the Delicacy of his Taste (*continues He,*) and the natural Bent of his own great Genius (equal, if not superior, to some of the Best of theirs;) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much Pleasure, that some of their fine Images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mix'd with, his own Writings: and so his not copying, at least, something from them, may be an Argument of his never having read them." I shall leave it to the Determination of my Learned Readers, from the numerous Passages, which I have

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occasionally quoted in my Notes, in which our Poet seems closely to have imitated the Classics, whether Mr. Rowe's Assertion be so absolutely to be depended on. The Result of the Controversy must certainly, either way, terminate to our Author's Honour: how happily he could imitate them, if that Point be allow'd; or how gloriously he could think like them, without owing any thing to Imitation.

Tho' I should be very unwilling to allow *Shakespeare* so poor a Scholar, as Many have labour'd to represent him, yet I shall be very cautious of declaring too positively on the other side of the Question: that is, with regard to my Opinion of his Knowledge in the dead Languages. And therefore the Passages, that I occasionally quote from the *Classics*, shall not be urged as Proofs that he knowingly imitated those Originals; but brought to shew how happily he has express'd himself upon the same Topicks. A very learned Critick of our own Nation has declar'd, that a Sameness of Thought and Sameness of Expression too, in Two Writers of a different Age, can hardly happen, without a violent Suspicion of the Latter copying from his Predecessor. I shall not therefore run any great Risque of a Censure, tho' I should venture to hint, that the Resemblance, in Thought and Expression, of our Author and an Ancient (which we should allow to be Imitation in One, whose Learning was not question'd) may sometimes take its Rise from Strength of Memory, and those Impressions which
he

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he ow'd to the School. And if we may allow a Possibility of This, considering that, when he quitted the School, he gave into his Father's Profession and way of Living, and had, 'tis likely, but a slender Library of Classcal Learning; and considering what a Number of Translations, Romances, and Legends, started about his Time, and a little before; (most of which, 'tis very evident, he read;) I think, it may easily be reconcil'd why he rather schemed his *Plots* and *Characters* from these more latter Informations, than went back to those Fountains, for which he might entertain a sincere Veneration, but to which he could not have so ready a Recourse.

In touching on another Part of his Learning, as it related to the Knowledge of *History*, and *Books*, I shall advance something, that, at first sight, will very much wear the Appearance of a Paradox. For I shall find it no hard Matter to prove, that, from the grossest Blunders in History, we are not to infer his real Ignorance of it: Nor from a greater Use of *Latin* Words, than ever any other *English* Author used, must we infer his intimate Acquaintance with that Language.

A Reader of Taste may easily observe, that tho' *Shakespeare*, almost in every Scene of his historical Plays, commits the grossest Offences against Chronology, History, and Ancient Politicks; yet This was not thro' Ignorance, as is generally supposed, but thro' the too powerful Blaze of his Imagination;

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which, when once raised, made all acquired Knowledge vanish and disappear before it. But this Licence in him, as I have said, must not be imputed to Ignorance: since as often we may find him, when Occasion serves, reasoning up to the Truth of History; and throwing out Sentiments as justly adapted to the Circumstances of his Subject, as to the Dignity of his Characters, or Dictates of Nature in general.

Then, to come to his Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue, 'tis certain, there is a surprising Effusion of *Latin* Words made *English*, far more than in any one *English* Author I have seen; but we must be cautious to imagine, this was of his own doing. For the *English* Tongue, in his Age, began extremely to suffer by an Inundation of *Latin*: And this, to be sure, was occasion'd by the Pedantry of those two Monarchs, *Elizabeth* and *James*, Both great *Latinists*. For it is not to be wonder'd at, if both the Court and Schools, equal Flatterers of Power, should adapt themselves to the Royal Taste.

But now I am touching on the Question, (which has been so frequently agitated, yet so entirely undecided) of his Learning and Acquaintance with the Languages; an additional Word or two naturally falls in here upon the Genius of our Author, as compared with that of *Jonson* his Contemporary. They are confessedly the greatest Writers our Nation could ever boast of in the *Drama*. The first, we say, owed all to his prodigious natural Genius;
and

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and the other a great deal to his Art and Learning. This, if attended to, will explain a very remarkable Appearance in their Writings. Besides those wonderful Masterpieces of Art and Genius, which each has given Us; They are the Authors of other Works very unworthy of them: But with this Difference; that in *Jonson's* bad Pieces we don't discover one single Trace of the Author of the *Fox* and *Alchemist*: but in the wild extravagant Notes of *Shakespeare*, you every now and then encounter Strains that recognize the divine Composer. This Difference may be thus accounted for. *Jonson*, as we said before, owing all his Excellence to his Art, by which he sometimes strain'd himself to an uncommon Pitch, when at other times he unbent and play'd with his Subject, having nothing then to support him, it is no wonder he wrote so far beneath himself. But *Shakespeare*, indebted more largely to Nature, than the Other to acquired Talents, in his most negligent Hours could never so totally divest himself of his Genius, but that it would frequently break out with astonishing Force and Splendor.

As I have never propos'd to dilate farther on the Character of my Author, than was necessary to explain the Nature and Use of this Edition, I shall proceed to consider him as a Genius in Possession of an everlasting Name. And how great that Merit must be, which could gain it against all the Disadvantages of the horrid Condition in which he has hitherto appear'd! Had *Homer*, or any other ad-

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mir'd Author, first started into Publick so maim'd and deform'd, we cannot determine whether they had not sunk for ever under the Ignominy of such an ill Appearance. The mangled Condition of *Shakespeare* has been acknowledg'd by Mr. *Rowe*, who publish'd him indeed, but neither corrected his Text, nor collated the old Copies. This Gentleman had Abilities, and a sufficient Knowledge of his Author, had but his Industry been equal to his Talents. The same mangled Condition has been acknowledg'd too by Mr. *Pope*, who publish'd him likewise, pretended to have collated the old Copies, and yet seldom has corrected the Text but to its Injury. I congratulate with the *Manes* of our Poet, that this Gentleman has been sparing in indulging his private Sense, as he phrases it; for He, who tamper with an Author whom he does not understand, must do it at the Expence of his Subject. I have made it evident throughout my Remarks, that he has frequently inflicted a Wound where he intended a Cure. He has acted with regard to our Author, as an Editor, whom *LIPSIUS* mentions, did with regard to *MARTIAL*; *Inventus est nescio qui Popa, qui non vitia ejus, sed ipsum excidit.* He has attack'd him like an unhandy *Slaughterman*; and not lopp'd off the *Errors*, but the *Poet*.

When this is found to be the Fact, how absurd must appear the Praises of such an Editor? It seems a moot Point, whether Mr. *Pope* has done most Injury to *Shakespeare* as his Editor and Encomiast;

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or Mr. Rymer done him Service as his Rival and Censurer. They have Both shewn themselves in an equal *Impuissance* of suspecting, or amending, the corrupted Passages: and tho' it be neither Prudence to censure, or commend, what one does not understand; yet if a man must do one when he plays the Critick, the latter is the more ridiculous Office: And by That *Shakespeare* suffers most. For the natural Veneration, which we have for him, makes us apt to swallow whatever is given us as *his*, and set off with Encomiums; and hence we quit all Suspicions of Depravity: On the contrary, the Censure of so divine an Author sets us upon his Defence; and this produces an exact Scrutiny and Examination, which ends in finding out and discriminating the true from the spurious.

It is not with any secret Pleasure, that I so frequently animadvert on Mr. *Pope* as a Critick; but there are Provocations, which a Man can never quite forget. His Libels have been thrown out with so much Inveteracy, that, not to dispute whether they *should* come from a *Christian*, they leave it a Question whether they *could* come from a *Man*. I should be loth to doubt, as *Quintus Serenus* did in a like Case,

*Sive homo, seu similis turpissima bestia nobis,
Vulnera dente dedit.*

The Indignation, perhaps, for being represented a *Blockhead*, may be as strong in us as it is in the La-

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dies for a Reflexion on their *Beauties*. It is certain, I am indebted to Him for some *flagrant Civilities*; and I shall willingly devote a part of my Life to the honest Endeavour of quitting Scores: with this Exception however, that I will not return those *Civilities* in his *peculiar* Strain, but confine myself, at least, to the Limits of *common Decency*. I shall ever think it better to want *Wit*, than to want *Humanity*: and impartial Posterity may, perhaps, be of my Opinion.

But, to return to my Subject; which now calls upon me to inquire into those Causes, to which the Depravations of my Author originally may be assign'd. We are to consider him as a Writer, of whom no authentic Manuscript was left extant; as a Writer, whose Pieces were dispersedly perform'd on the several *Stages* then in Being. And it was the Custom of those Days for the Poets to take a Price of the *Players* for the Pieces They from time to time furnish'd; and thereupon it was suppos'd, they had no farther Right to print them without the Consent of the *Players*. As it was the Interest of the *Companies* to keep their Plays unpublish'd, when any one succeeded, there was a Contest betwixt the Curiosity of the Town, who demanded to see it in Print, and the Policy of the *Stagers*, who wish'd to secrete it within their own Walls. Hence, many Pieces were taken down in Short-hand, and imperfectly copied by Ear, from a *Representation*: Others were print-

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ed from piece-meal Parts surreptitiously obtain'd from the Theatres, uncorrect, and without the Poet's Knowledge. To some of these Causes we owe the Train of Blemishes, that deform those Pieces which stole singly into the World in our Author's Life-time.

There are still other Reasons, which may be suppos'd to have affected the whole Set. When the *Players* took upon them to publish his Works intire, every Theatre was ransack'd to supply the Copy; and *Parts* collected, which had gone thro' as many Changes as Performers, either from Mutilations or Additions made to them. Hence we derive many Chasms and Incoherences in the Sense and Matter. Scenes were frequently transpos'd, and shuffled out of their true Place, to humour the Caprice, or suppos'd Convenience, of some particular Actor. Hence much Confusion and Impropriety has attended, and embarras'd, the Business and Fable. To these obvious Causes of Corruption it must be added, that our Author has lain under the Disadvantage of having his Errors propagated and multiplied by Time: because, for near a Century, his Works were republish'd from the faulty Copies, without the Assistance of any intelligent Editor: which has been the Case likewise of many a *Classic* Writer.

The Nature of any Distemper once found has generally been the immediate Step to a Cure. *Shakespeare's* Case has in a great measure resembled That

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of a corrupt *Classic*; and, consequently, the Method of Cure was likewise to bear a Resemblance. By what Means, and with what Success, this Cure has been effected on ancient Writers, is too well known, and needs no formal Illustration. The Reputation, consequent on Tasks of that nature, invited me to attempt the Method here; with this View, the Hopes of restoring to the Publick their greatest Poet in his Original Purity: after having so long lain in a Condition that was a Disgrace to common Sense. To this end I have ventur'd on a Labour, that is the first Assay of the kind on any modern Author whatsoever. For the late Edition of *Milton* by the Learned Dr. Bentley is, in the main, a Performance of another Species. It is plain, it was the Intention of that Great Man rather to correct and pare off the Excrescencies of the *Paradise Lost*, in the manner that *Tucca* and *Varius* were employ'd to criticize the *Æneis* of *Virgil*, than to restore corrupted Passages. Hence, therefore, may be seen either the Iniquity or Ignorance of his Censurers, who, from some Expressions, would make us believe, the *Doctor* every where gives us his Corrections as the Original Text of the Author; whereas the chief Turn of his Criticism is plainly to shew the World, that if *Milton* did not write as He would have him, he ought to have wrote so.

I thought proper to premise this Observation to the Readers, as it will shew that the Critic on *Shakespeare*

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poet is of a quite different Kind. His genuine Text is for the most part religiously adher'd to, and the numerous Faults and Blemishes, purely his own, are left as they were found. Nothing is alter'd, but what by the clearest Reasoning can be proved a Corruption of the true Text; and the Alteration, a real Restoration of the genuine Reading. Nay, so strictly have I strove to give the true Reading, tho' sometimes not to the Advantage of my Author, that I have been ridiculously ridicul'd for it by Those, who either were iniquitously for turning every thing to my Disadvantage; or else were totally ignorant of the true Duty of an Editor.

The Science of Criticism, as far as it affects an Editor, seems to be reduced to these three Classes; the Emendation of corrupt Passages; the Explanation of obscure and difficult ones; and an Inquiry into the Beauties and Defects of Composition. This Work is principally confin'd to the two former Parts: tho' there are some Specimens interspers'd of the latter Kind, as several of the Emendations were best supported, and several of the Difficulties best explain'd, by taking notice of the Beauties and Defects of the Composition peculiar to this Immortal Poet. But This was but occasional, and for the sake only of perfecting the two other Parts, which were the proper Objects of the Editor's Labour. The third lies open for every willing Undertaker: and I shall be pleas'd to see it the Employment of a masterly Pen.

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It must necessarily happen, as I have formerly observ'd, that where the Assistance of Manuscripts is wanting to set an Author's Meaning right, and rescue him from those Errors which have been transmitted down thro' a Series of incorrect Editions, and a long Intervention of Time, many Passages must be desperate, and past a Cure; and their true Sense irretrievable either to Care or the Sagacity of Conjecture. But is there any Reason therefore to say, That because All cannot be retriev'd, All ought to be left desperate? We should shew very little Honesty, or Wisdom, to play the Tyrants with an Author's Text; to raze, alter, innovate, and overturn, at all Adventures, and to the utter Detriment of his Sense and Meaning: But to be so very reserved and cautious, as to interpose no Relief or Conjecture, where it manifestly labours and cries out for Assistance, seems, on the other hand, an indolent Absurdity.

As there are very few Pages in *Shakespeare*, upon which some Suspicions of Depravity do not reasonable arise; I have thought it my Duty, in the first place, by a diligent and laborious Collation to take in the Assistances of all the older Copies.

In his *Historical Plays*, whenever our *English* Chronicles, and in his Tragedies when *Greek* or *Roman* Story, could give any Light; no Pains have been omitted to set Passages right by comparing my Author with his Originals: for, as I have
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frequently observed, he was a close and accurate Copier where-ever his *Fable* was founded on *History*.

Where-ever the Author's Sense is clear and discoverable, (tho', perchance, low and trivial;) I have not by any Innovation tamper'd with his Text; out of an Ostentation of endeavouring to make him speak better than the old Copies have done.

Where, thro' all the former Editions, a Passage has labour'd under flat Nonsense and invincible Darkeness, if, by the Addition or Alteration of a Letter or two, or a Transposition in the Pointing, I have restored to Him both Sense and Sentiment; such Corrections, I am persuaded, will need no Indulgence.

And whenever I have taken a greater Latitude and Liberty in amending, I have constantly endeavour'd to support my Corrections and Conjectures by parallel Passages and Authorities from himself, the surest Means of expounding any Author whatsoever. *Cette voie d'interpreter un Auteur par lui-même est plus sûre que tous les Commentaires*, says a very learned *French Critick*.

As to my *Notes*, (from which the common and learned Readers of our Author, I hope, will derive some Satisfaction;) I have endeavour'd to give them a Variety in some Proportion to their Number. Where-ever I have ventur'd at an Emendation, a *Note* is constantly subjoin'd to justify and assert the Reason of it. Where I only offer a Conjecture, and

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and do not disturb the Text, I fairly set forth my Grounds for such Conjecture, and submit it to Judgment. Some Remarks are spent in explaining Passages, where the Wit or Satire depends on an obscure Point of History: Others, where Allusions are to Divinity, Philosophy, or other Branches of Science. Some are added to shew, where there is a Suspicion of our Author having borrow'd from the Ancients: Others, to shew where he is rallying his Contemporaries; or where He himself is rallied by them. And some are necessarily thrown in, to explain an obscure and obsolete *Term, Phrase, or Idea*. I once intended to have added a complete and copious *Glossary*; but as I have been importun'd, and am prepar'd, to give a correct Edition of our Author's POEMS, (in which many Terms occur that are not to be met with in his *Plays*;) I thought a *Glossary* to all *Shakespeare's* Works more proper to attend that Volume.

In reforming an infinite Number of Passages in the *Pointing*, where the Sense was before quite lost, I have frequently subjoin'd Notes to shew the *deprav'd*, and to prove the *reform'd*, Pointing: a Part of Labour in this Work which I could very willingly have spar'd myself. May it not be objected, why then have you burthen'd us with these Notes? The Answer is obvious, and, if I mistake not, very material. Without such Notes, these Passages in subsequent Editions would be liable, thro' the Ignorance of Printers and Correctors, to fall into the old

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ld Confusion: Whereas, a Note on every one hin-
lers all possible Return to Depravity; and for ever
ecures them in a State of Purity and Integrity not
to be lost or forfeited.

Again, as some Notes have been necessary to
point out the Detection of the corrupted Text, and
establish the Restoration of the genuine Readings;
some others have been as necessary for the Expla-
nation of Passages obscure and difficult. To under-
stand the Necessity and Use of this Part of my
Task, some Particulars of my Author's Character
are previously to be explain'd. There are *Obscuri-
ties* in him, which are common to him with all
Poets of the same Species; there are Others, the
Issue of the Times he liv'd in; and there are
Others, again, peculiar to himself. The Nature
of Comic Pœtry being entirely satirical, it busies
itself more in exposing what we call Caprice and
Humour, than Vices cognizable to the Laws. The
English, from the Happiness of a free Constitution,
and a Turn of Mind peculiarly speculative and in-
quisitive, are observ'd to produce more *Humourists*
and a greater Variety of original *Characters*, than
any other People whatsoever: And These owing
their immediate Birth to the peculiar Genius of each
Age, an infinite Number of Things alluded to,
glanced at, and expos'd, must needs become ob-
scure, as the *Characters* themselves are antiquated,
and disused. An Editor therefore should be well
vers'd in the History and Manners of his Au-
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thor's Age, if he aims at doing him a Service in this Respect.

Besides, *Wit* lying mostly in the Assemblage of *Ideas*, and in the putting Those together with Quickness and Variety, wherein can be found any Resemblance, or Congruity, to make up pleasant Pictures, and agreeable Visions in the Fancy; the Writer, who aims at *Wit*, must of course range far and wide for Materials. Now, the Age, in which *Shakespeare* liv'd, having, above all others, a wonderful Affection to appear Learned, They declined vulgar Images, such as are immediately fetch'd from Nature, and rang'd thro' the Circle of the Sciences to fetch their Ideas from thence. But as the Resemblances of such Ideas to the Subject must necessarily lie very much out of the common Way, and every Piece of *Wit* appear a Riddle to the Vulgar; This, that should have taught them the forced, quaint, unnatural Tract they were in, (and induce them to follow a more natural One,) was the very Thing that kept them attach'd to it. The ostentatious Affectation of abstruse Learning, peculiar to that Time, the Love that Men naturally have to every Thing that looks like Mystery, fixed them down to this Habit of Obscurity. Thus became the Poetry of *DONNE* (tho' the wittiest Man of that Age,) nothing but a continued Heap of Riddles. And our *Shakespeare*, with all his easy Nature about him, for want of the Knowledge of the true Rules of Art, falls frequently into this vicious Manner.

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The third Species of *Obscurities*, which deform our Author, as the Effects of his own Genius and Character, are Those that proceed from his peculiar Manner of *Thinking*, and as peculiar a Manner of *cloathing* those *Thoughts*. With regard to his *Thinking*, it is certain, that he had a general Knowledge of all the Sciences: But his Acquaintance was rather That of a Traveller, than a Native. Nothing in Philosophy was unknown to him; but every Thing in it had the Grace and Force of Novelty. And as Novelty is one main Source of Admiration, we are not to wonder that He has perpetual Allusions to the most recondite Parts of the Sciences: and This was done not so much out of Affectation, as the Effect of Admiration begot by Novelty. Then, as to his *Style* and *Diſtion*, we may much more juſtly apply to SHAKESPEARE, what a celebrated Writer has ſaid of MILTON; *Our Language ſunk under him, and was unequal to that Greatneſs of Soul which furniſh'd him with ſuch glorious Conceptions*. He therefore frequently uſes old Words, to give his Diſtion an Air of Solemnity; as he coins others, to expreſs the Novelty and Variety of his Ideas.

Upon every diſtinct Species of theſe *Obscurities* I have thought it my Province to employ a Note, for the Service of my Author, and the Entertainment of my Readers. A few tranſient Remarks too I have not ſcrupled to intermix, upon the Poet's Negligences

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ligences and Omissions in point of Art; but I have done it always in such a Manner, as will testify my Deference and Veneration for the Immortal Author. Some Censurers of *Shakespeare*, and particularly Mr. *Rymer*, have taught me to distinguish betwixt the *Railer* and *Critick*. The Outrage of his Quotations is so remarkably violent, so push'd beyond all Bounds of Decency and sober Reasoning, that it quite carries over the Mark at which it was levell'd. Extravagant Abuse throws off the Edge of the intended Disparagement, and turns the Madman's Weapon into his own Bosom. In short, as to *Rymer*, This is my Opinion of him from his *Criticisms* on the *Tragedies* of the Last Age. He writes with great Vivacity, and appears to have been a Scholar: but, as for his Knowledge of the Art of Poetry, I can't perceive it was any deeper than his Acquaintance with *Bossu* and *Dacier*, from whom he has transcrib'd many of his best Reflections. The late Mr. *Gildon* was one attached to *Rymer* by a similar Way of Thinking and Studies. They were Both of that Species of Criticks, who are desirous of displaying their Powers rather in finding Faults, than in consulting the Improvement of the World: the *hypercritical* Part of the Science of *Criticism*.

I had not mentioned the modest Liberty I have here and there taken of animadverting on my Author, but that I was willing to obviate in time the splenetick Exaggerations of my Adversaries on this Head.

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Head. From past Experiments I have reason to be conscious, in what Light this Attempt may be placed: and that what I call a *modest Liberty*, will, by a little of their Dexterity, be inverted into downright *Impudence*. From a hundred mean and dishonest Artifices employ'd to discredit this Edition, and to cry down its Editor, I have all the Grounds in Nature to beware of Attacks. But tho' the Malice of Wit, join'd to the Smoothness of Versification, may furnish some Ridicule; Fact, I hope, will be able to stand its Ground against Banter and Gaiety.

It has been my Fate, it seems, as I thought it my Duty, to discover some *Anachronisms* in our Author; which might have slept in Obscurity but for *this Restorer*, as Mr. Pope is pleas'd affectionately to stile me; as, for Instance, where *Aristotle* is mentioned by *Hector* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*: and *Galen*, *Cato*, and *Alexander* the Great, in *Coriolanus*. These, in Mr. Pope's Opinion, are Blunders, which, the Illiteracy of the first Publishers of his Works has sather'd upon the Poet's Memory: *it not being at all credible, that These could be the Errors of any Man who had the least Tincture of a School, or the least Conversation with Such as had.* But I have sufficiently proved, in the course of my *Notes*, that such *Anachronisms* were the Effect of Poetic Licence, rather than of Ignorance in our Poet. And if I may be permitted to ask a modest Question by the way, Why may not
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I restore an *Anachronism* really made by our Author, as well as Mr. Pope take the Privilege to fix others upon him, which he never had it in his Head to make; as I may venture to affirm He had not, in the Instance of Sir *Francis Drake*, to which I have spoke in the proper Place?

But who shall dare make any Words about the Freedom of Mr. Pope's towards *Shakespeare*, if it can be prov'd, that, in his Fits of Criticism, he makes no more Ceremony with good *Homer* himself? To try, then, a Criticism of his own advancing; In the 8th Book of the *Odyssey*, where *Demodocus* sings the Episode of the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus*; and that, upon their being taken in the Net by *Vulcan*,

— “ *The God of Arms*

“ *Must pay the Penalty for lawless Charms;*

Mr. Pope is so kind gravely to inform us, “ That
“ *Homer* in This, as in many other Places, seems
“ to allude to the Laws of *Athens*, where Death
“ was the Punishment of Adultery.” But how is this significant Observation made out? Why, who can possibly object any Thing to the contrary? ---
Does not *Pausanias* relate, that *Draco* the Lawgiver to the Athenians granted Impunity to any Person that took Revenge upon an Adulterer? And was it not also the Institution of *Solon*, that if Any One took an Adulterer in the Fact, he might use him as he pleas'd? These Things are very true; and to see
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What a good Memory, and sound Judgment in Conjunction can atchieve! Tho' *Homer's* Date is not determin'd down to a single Year, yet 'tis pretty generally agreed that he liv'd above 300 Years before *Draco* and *Solon*: And That, it seems, has made him seem to allude to the very Laws, which these Two Legislators propounded above 300 Years after. If this Inference be not sometimes like an *Anachronism* or *Prolepsis*, I'll look once more into my Lexicons for the true Meaning of the Words. It appears to me, that somebody besides *Mars* and *Venus* has been caught in a Net by this Episode: and I could call in other Instances to confirm what treacherous Tackle this Net-work is, if not cautiously handled.

How just, notwithstanding, I have been in detecting the *Anachronisms* of my Author, and in defending him for the Use of them, Our late Editor seems to think, They should rather have slept in Obscurity: and the having discovered them is sneer'd at, as a sort of wrong-headed Sagacity.

The numerous Corrections, which I made of the Poet's Text in my *SHAKESPEARE Restor'd*, and which the Publick have been so kind to think well of, are, in the Appendix of Mr. *Pope's* last Edition, slightly call'd *Various Readings, Guesses, &c.* He confesses to have inserted as many of them as he judg'd of any the least Advantage to the Poet; but says, that the Whole amounted to about 25 Words: and pretends to have annexed a compleat List of the

Rest,

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Rest, which were not worth his embracing. Who ever has read my Book will at one Glance see how in both these Points Veracity is strain'd, so an Injury might but be done. *Malus, etsi obesse non pote, tamen cogitat.*

Another Expedient, to make my Work appear of a trifling Nature, has been an Attempt to depreciate *Literal Criticism*. To this end, and to pay a servile Compliment to Mr. Pope, an *Anonymous* Writer has, like a *Scotch* Pedlar in Wit, unbraced his Pack on the Subject. But, that his Virulence might not seem to be levelled singly at Me, he has done Me the Honour to join Dr. Bentley in the Libel. I was in hopes, We should have been Both abused with Smartness of Satire, at least; tho' not with Solidity of Argument: that it might have been worth some Reply in Defence of the Science attacked. But I may fairly say of this Author, as *Falstaffe* does of *Poins*; — *Hang him, Baboon! his Wit is as thick as Tewksbury Mustard; there is no more Conceit in him, than is in a Mallet.* If it be not Prophanation to set the Opinion of the divine *Longinus* against such a Scribler, he tells us expressly, “That to make a Judgment upon Words (and Writings) is the most consummate Fruit of much Experience.” ἡ ἰδὲ τοῦ λόγου κλονὶς πολλῆς οὐκ οὐκ τῶν τελευταίων ἐπιστήμη. Whenever Words are depraved, the Sense of course must be corrupted; and thence the Readers betray'd into a false Meaning.

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If the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages have receiv'd the greatest Advantages imaginable from the Labours of the Editors and Criticks of the two last Ages; by whose Aid and Assistance the Grammarians have been enabled to write infinitely better in that Art than even the preceding Grammarians, who wrote when those Tongues flourish'd as living Languages: I should account it a peculiar Happiness, that, by the faint Assay I have made in this Work, a Path might be chalk'd out, for abler Hands, by which to derive the same Advantages to our own Tongue: a Tongue, which, tho' it wants none of the fundamental Qualities of an universal Language, yet, as a *noble Writer* says, lisps and stammers as in its Cradle; and has produced little more towards its polishing than Complaints of its Barbarity.

Having now run thro' all those Points, which I intended should make any Part of this Dissertation, and having in my *former* Edition made publick Acknowledgments of the Assistances lent me, I shall conclude with a brief Account of the Methods taken in *This*.

It was thought proper, in order to reduce the Bulk and Price of the Impression, that the Notes, wherever they would admit of it, might be abridg'd: for which Reason I have curtail'd a great Quantity of Such, in which Explanations were too prolix, or Authorities in Support of an Emendation too numerous: and Many I have entirely expung'd, which
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were judg'd rather Verbose and Declamatory, (and so, Notes merely of Ostentation;) than necessary or instructive.

The few literal Errors, which had escaped Notice, for want of Revisals, in the former Edition are here reform'd: and the Pointing of innumerable Passages is regulated, with all the Accuracy I am capable of.

I shall decline making any farther Declaration of the Pains I have taken upon my Author, because it was my Duty, as his Editor, to publish him with my best Care and Judgment: and because, I am sensible, all such Declarations are construed to be laying a sort of a Debt on the Publick. As the former Edition has been received with much Indulgence, I ought to make my Acknowledgements to the Town for their favourable Opinion of it: and I shall always be proud to think That Encouragement the best Payment I can hope to receive from my poor Studies.



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THE TEMPEST



ALONSO, King of Naples.
Sebastian, his Brother.
Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan.
Antonio, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
Perdundo, son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor of Naples.

THE

TEMPEST.

Spirits, employ'd in the Tempest.

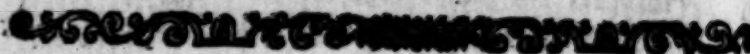


SCENE, As usual, Milan.

THE TEMPEST

VOL. I.

B



Dramatis Personæ.

A L O N S O, *King of Naples.*

Sebastian, *his Brother.*

Prospero, *the rightfull Duke of Milan.*

Anthonio, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples.*

Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*

Adrian, } *Lords.*

Francisco, }

Caliban, *a Salvage, and deformed Slave,*

Trinculo, *a Jester.*

Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners;

Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*

Ariel, *an aiery Spirit.*

Iris,

Ceres,

Juno,

Nymphs,

Reapers,

} *Spirits, employ'd in the Masque,*

Other Spirits, attending on Prospero.

S C E N E, *An uninhabited Island.*

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THE T E M P E S T.

A C T. I.

SCENE, *On a Ship at Sea.*

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard:

Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain.

MASTER.

Boatswain,——

Boatsf. Here, Master: what cheer?

Maſt. Good, ſpeak to th' mariners: fall
to't yarely, or we run our ſelves a-ground;
beſtir, beſtir. [Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts; yare;
yare; take in the top-fail; tend to th' maſter's whistle;
blow, 'till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough.

*Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinand,
Gonzalo, and others.*

Alon. Good Boatſwain, have care: where's the ma-
ſter? play the men.

Boatsf. I pray now, keep below.

B 2

Ant.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence——what care these Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None, that I more love than my self. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace o'the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make your self ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our way, I say.

[*Exit.*]

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. A plague upon this howling!——

A cry within. *Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.* they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? shall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to sink?

Sebasf. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatsf. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whoreson, insolent, noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an un-stanch'd wench.

Boatsf.

The T E M P E S T.

5

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exe.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at pray'rs! let us assist 'em.

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopt rascal——'Would, thou might'st lye drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him.

A confused noise within.] Mercy on us!

We split, we split! Farewel, my Wife and Children!

Brother, farewell! we split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the King.

[*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[*Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death!

[*Exit.*

SCENE changes to a Part of the Inchaned Island,
near the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. IF by your art (my dearest father) you have Put the wild Waters in this roar, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel (Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her) Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock

B 3

Against

Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd!
 Had I been any God of Pow'r, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth; or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The fraighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;

No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
 There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 (Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
 Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
 Than *Prospero*, master of a full-poor cell,
 And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,
 I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magick garment from me: so!

[Lays down his mantle.

Lye there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,
 I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely order'd, that there is no foyle, (1)
 No, not so much perdition as an hair,
 Betid to any creature in the vessel
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink: sit
 down;

For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often

(1) is no Foyle,] i. e. no Damage, Loss, Detriment. The two old Folio's read,---- is no Soul: which will not agree in Grammar with the following Part of the Sentence. Mr. Rowe first substituted---- no Soul lost, which does not much mend the Matter, taking the Context together. Foyle is a Word familiar with our Poet, and in some Degree synonymous to Perdition in the next Line.

Begin

The TEMPEST.

7

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay; not yet.* —————

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time, before we came unto this cell?
I do not think, thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old. (2)

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;

And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four, or five, women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? what see'st thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyfme of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here;
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years since, *Miranda*; twelve years
since,

Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of Pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said, thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir
A Princess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:

(1) our three years old.] This is the old Reading: 'tis true,
the Expression is obsolete, but it supply'd the Sense of, *full*
on, our-right, or right-on.

B 4.

By

By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help'd hither:

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*—
I pray thee, mark me;—(that a brother should
Be so perfidious!) he whom next thy self
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; (as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first;
And *Prospero* the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study:)
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger; being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
(Dost thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new-created
The creatures, that were mine; I say, or chang'd 'em
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suckt my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me then.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit;
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my Revenue yielded,

But what my power might else exact; like one,
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a finner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was, indeed, the Duke; from substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Absolute *Milan*. Me, poor man.—my library
Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) wi'th' King of *Naples*
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
The Dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan*!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th'event; then tell me,
If this might be a Brother?

Mira. I should sin, (3)
To think but nobly of my grand-mother;
Good wombs have bore bad sons. (4)

B. 5

Pro.

(3) ——— I should sin,

To think not nobly of my Grandmother;] This is Mr. Pope's
reading; from no Authority, I presume: All the Copies that
I have seen, have it; To think but nobly——i. e. otherwise
than nobly; according to our Author's Usage.

(4) Good Wombs have bore bad Sons.

Pro. Now, the Condition:] Thus have all the Editions divided
these Speeches; But, tho' I have not attempted to regulate
them otherwise, I have great Suspicion, that our Author
plac'd them thus;

Pro. Good Wombs have bore bad Sons.—Now, the Condition:
How could *Miranda*, that came into this *Desart* Island an Infant,
that had never seen any other Creatures of the World,
but her Father and *Caliban*, with any Propriety be furnish'd

to

Pro. Now the condition:
 This King of *Naples*, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hears my brother's suit;
 Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premises,
 Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the Dukedom; and confer fair *Milan*,
 With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
 A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
 Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
 The gates of *Milan*; and, i'th' dead of darkness,
 The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence
 Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
 I, not remembering how I cry'd on't then,
 Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
 That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
 Which now's upon's; without the which this story
 Were most impertinent.

Mira. Why did they not
 That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
 (So dear the love my people bore me;) set
 A mark so bloody on the business; but
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
 Bore us some leagues to Sea; where they prepar'd
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
 To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh

to make such an Observation from Life, that the Issue has often
 degenerated from the Parent? But it comes very properly from
Prospero, as a short Document, by the By, to his Daughter;
 implying, "that she did very well to think with Honour of
 "her Ancestor; for that it was common in Life, for good
 "People to have bad Children."

To

To th' winds, whose pity, fighting back again, I won't
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heav'n,
(When I have deck'd the sea with drops full-salt;
Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we a-shore?

Pro. By providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steeded much. So of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'n's thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, Sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune.
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience:
I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose Influence

If now I count not, but omit, my fortunes,
Will ever after droop. — Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know, thou canst not chuse —

[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come; I'm ready now:

Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure: Be't to fly;
To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his qualities.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every Article.
I boarded the King's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places: on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly;
Then meet and join. *Jove's* lightnings, the precursors
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave, brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mind, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son *Ferdinand*
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man, that leap'd; cry'd, "hell is empty;
" And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my Spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari.

Ari. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before. And as thou badst me,

In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:

The King's son have I landed by himself,

Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,

In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,

His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship

The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,

And all the rest o'th' fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour

Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew

From the still-vest *Bermudas*, there she's hid:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd,

Who, with a charm join'd to their suffered labour,

I've left asleep; and for the rest o'th' fleet

(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,

And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,

Bound sadly home for *Naples*;

Supposing, that they saw the King's ship wreckt;

And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work,

What is the time o'th' day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses; the time 'twixt six and now

Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou dost give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,

Remember, I have done thee worthy service;

Told

Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;

To run upon the sharp Wind of the North;
To do me business in the veins o'th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh; was she so? I must.

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' sailors; thou my slave
As thou report'st thy self, wast then her servant.
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this Island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,

A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sp'riting gently.

Pro. Do so: and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master:
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thy self like to a nymph o'th' sea:
Be subject to no sight but mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake——

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll visit *Caliban* my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on——

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices

That

That profit us. What ho! slave! *Caliban!*

Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. (within.) There's wood enough within!

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee.
Come, thou Tortoise! when?

Enter Ariel like a Water-Nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*.
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. *[Exit]*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsom fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen'thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; and
would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' Isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own King; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' Island.

Pro.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have us'd thee
Filt' as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—I wou'd, it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Pro. Abhorred slave; (5)
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison——

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wer't best)
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?

(5) *Mira. Abhorred Slave;*] In all the printed Editions this
Speech is given to *Miranda*: but I am persuaded, the Author
never design'd it for her. In the first Place, 'tis probable,
Prospero taught *Caliban* to speak, rather than left that Office
to his Daughter: in the next Place, as *Prospero* was here rating
Caliban, it would be a great Impropriety for her to take the
Discipline out of his Hands; and, indeed, in some sort, an In-
decency in her to reply to what *Caliban* last was speaking of.
Mr. *Dryden*, I observe, in his Alteration of this Play, has ju-
diciously placed this Speech to *Prospero*. I can easily guess,
that the Change was first deriv'd from the Players, who not
loving that any Character should stand too long silent on the
Stage, to obviate that Inconvenience with Regard to *Miranda*,
clap'd this Speech to her Part.

If

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.

I must obey; his art is of such pow'r,
It would controul my dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence!

[Exit Caliban.]

Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL'S SONG.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curst be when you have, and kist—
The wild waves whist;
Foot it feathery here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.*

Burthen, dispersedly.

*Hark, hark, bough-waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Bough-waugh.*

Ari. *Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleers
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.*

Fer. Where should this musick be, i'th' air, or earth?—
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some God o' th' Island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping against the King my father's wreck,
This musick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL'S SONG.

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:*

Thou'st.

*Those are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him, that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.*
[Burthen: ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And say, what thou seest yond.

Mira. What is't, a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck: and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'st call
him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [Aside.
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the Goddess
On whom these ayres attend! vouchsafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this Island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be made or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heav'ns!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro.

Pro. How? the best?

What wert thou, if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of *Naples*. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: my self am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreckt.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the Duke of *Milan*,
And his brave son, being twain. (6)

Pro. The Duke of *Milan*,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight,
They have chang'd eyes: (delicate *Ariel*,
I'll set thee free for this.) A word, good Sir,
I fear, you've done your self some wrong: a word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? this
Is the third man, that I e'er saw; the first,
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your Affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more.—
They're both in either's power: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me:—thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy self
Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

(6) ——— the Duke of *Milan*,

And his brave Son, being twain.] Here seems a slight
Forgetfulness in our Poet: No Body was lost in this Wreck,
as is manifest from several Passages: and yet we have no such
Character introduc'd in the Fable, as the Duke of *Milan's* Son.
No Doubt, in his first Plan he had mark'd out such a Character;
but, on second Thought, found it unnecessary.

Mira.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me——
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*]

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor? put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike; thy con-
science

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father.

Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and *Caliban*; foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer.

Fer. So they are:

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works: come on.

(Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*;) follow me.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

[*To Ariel.*

Mira. Be of comfort,

My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free

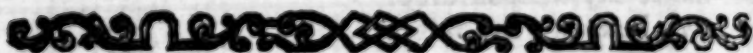
As mountain winds; but then exactly do

All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T II.

SCENE, *Another Part of the Island.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Francisco, and others.

G O N Z A L O.

B ESEECH you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy! for our escape
Is much beyond our loss; our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theam of woe: but for the miracle,

(I mean

I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. (7)

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by
and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One : — Tell, —

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd ;
comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have spoken
ruer than you propos'd.

(7) *Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.] All that follows from hence to
this speech of the King's,

*You cram these Words into my Ears against
The Stomach of my Sense.*

seems to Mr. Pope to have been an Interpolation by the Play-
ers. For my part, tho' I allow the Matter of the Dialogue to
be very poor and trivial, (of which, I am sorry to say, we
don't want other Instances in our Poet ;) I cannot be of this
Gentleman's Opinion, that it is interpolated. For should we
take out this intermediate Part, what would become of these
Words of the King?

————— *Would I had never
Married my Daughter there!*

What Daughter? and where married? For it is from this inter-
mediate Part of the Scene only, that we are told, the King had
a Daughter nam'd *Claribel*, whom he had married into *Tunis*.
'Tis true, in a subsequent Scene, betwixt *Antonio* and *Sebastian*,
we again hear her and *Tunis* mention'd : but in such a manner,
that it would be quite obscure and unintelligible without this
previous Information. Mr. Pope's Criticism therefore is inju-
dicious and unweigh'd. Besides, poor and jejune as the Mat-
ter of the Dialogue is, it was certainly design'd to be of a ri-
diculous Stamp ; to divert and unsettle the King's Thoughts
from reflecting too deeply on his Son's suppos'd Drowning.

Seb.

Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue?

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare, —

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet —

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert —

Seb. Ha, ha, ha, — So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible —

Seb. Yet, —

Adr. Yet —

Ant. He could not miss't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No: he does but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit —

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses;

glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Africk*, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not since widow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow, a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had said, widower *Aeneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, said you? you make me study of that: she was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage*?

Gon. I assure you, *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow *Dido*.

Ant. O, widow *Dido*! ay, widow *Dido*!

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first day wore it? I mean, in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

VOL. I.

C

Gon.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there ! For, coming thence,
My son is lost ; and, in my rate, she too ;
Who is so far from *Italy* remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her : O thou mine heir
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee ?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water ;
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him : his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore ; that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him : I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an *African* ;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us ; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your son
I fear, for ever : *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them :
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' th' loss.

Gon. My lord *Sebastian*,
The truth, you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord—

Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; wealth, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl;

No occupation, all men idle, all,

And women too; but innocent and pure:

No Sov'reignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the
beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce,

Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to
me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and did it to
minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such

sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn Musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly: will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What all so soon asleep? I wish, mine eyes Would with themselves shut up my thoughts: I find, They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy ———

[*All sleep but Seb. and Ant.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebastian* — O, what might — no more.

And

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be : th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: what is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving;
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep: die rather: wink'st,
Whilst thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er. (8)

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it; how, in stripping it,
You more invest it, ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pry'thee, say on;
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

(8) *Trebles thee o'er.*] i. e. makes thee *thrice* what thou now
art. Thus the two first *Folio's*, and all the other Impressions
of any Authority, that I have seen, exhibit the Text: and the
Phrase is familiar both to our Poet, and other Stage-Writers
of his Time.

Troubles thee o'er—is a foolish Reading, which, I believe,
first got Birth in Mr. *Pope's* two Editions of our Poet; and,
dare say, will lie buried there in a proper Obscurity.

A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir :

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd ;) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the King, his son's alive ;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you ? no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd ?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples* ?

Seb. *Claribel*.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis* ; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' th' moon's too slow) 'till new-born chime
Be rough and razorable ; she, from whom
We were sea-swallow'd ; tho' some, cast again,
May by that destiny perform an act,
Whereof, what's past is prologue ; what to come,
Is yours and my discharge ———

Seb. What stuff is this ? how say you ?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is she heir of *Naples* ; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how shall that *Claribel*
Measure us back to *Naples* ? Keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than

Than now they are : there be, that can rule *Naples*,
As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this *Gonzalo* ; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do ; what a sleep was this
For your advancement ! do you understand me ?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune ?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True :

And, look, how well my garments sit upon me ;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience ———

Ant. Ay, Sir ; where lyes that ?

If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper :
But I feel not this deity in my bosom.
Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and *Milan*,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest !
Here lyes your brother ———

No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever : you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient Morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk ;
They'll tell the clock to any business, that,
We say, befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent : as thou got'st *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy sword ; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st ;
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together :

And when I rear my hand, do you the like

To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word —

Enter Ariel, with-Musick and Song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger,
That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's Ear.

While you here do snoaring lye,

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take :

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber and beware :

Awake ! awake !

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the King ! *[They wake,*

Alon. Why, how now, ho ? awake ? why are you
drawn ?

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter ?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions ; did 't not wake you ?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear ;
To make an earthquake : sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this ?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd ; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn : there was a noise,
'That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard ;
Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from these beasts !
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alon.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.

So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *changes to another part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood; a noise of thunder heard.

Cal. ALL the infections, that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and
make him

By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me.
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spi'rit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
sing i' th' wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge
one, (9) looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his

(9) *Looks like a foul Bumbard.] This Term again occurs in
the first Part of Henr. IV. — that swoln Parcel of Dropsies,
that huge Bumbard of Sack — and again in Henr. VIII. And
here you lie baiting of Bumbards, when Ye should do Service. By
these several Passages, 'tis plain, the Word meant in those
Days a large Vessel for holding Drink, as well as the Piece of
Ordnance so call'd.*

liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot chuse but fall by pailfuls——What have we here, a man or a fish? dead or alive? a fish; he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell. A kind of, not of the newest, *Poor John*: a strange fish! Were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not an holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fish, but an *Islander* that hath lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout; misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows: I will here shrowd, 'till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing.

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore.*
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral;
well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

Sings. *The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,*
The gunner, and his mate,
Low'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might scratch her, where-e'er she did itch.

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.
This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with salvages, and men of *Inde*? ha? I have not escap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man, as
ever

ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breathes at his nostrils..

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, p'rythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now *Prosper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, Cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—— but he is drown'd; and these are devils; O! defend me——

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to spatter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come: *Amen!* I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. *Stephano*,———

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. *Stephano!* if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speak

Speak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beest *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be *Trinculo's* legs, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo's*!

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke; but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano*? I hope now, thou art not drown'd: is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm; and art thou living, *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Sworn a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou can'st swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O *Stephano*, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

Ste. Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: I afraid of him? a very shallow monster: the man i'th' moon?—a most poor credulous monster: well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th' Isle, and I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear my self thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh my self to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him——

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin.—— But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee

(10) Young Shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste.

(10) *Young Scamels from the Rock.*] I can nowhere else meet with such a Word as *Scamel*, which has possess'd all the Editions. *Shakespeare* must certainly either have wrote *Shamois* i. e. young kids: or *Sea-malls*. The *Sea-mall*, or *Sea-mell*, or *Sea-mew* (according to *Willoughby*,) is that Bird, which is call'd *Larus cinereus minor*; it feeds upon Fish, and frequents the Banks of Lakes. It is not impossible, but our Poet might here intend this Bird. Or, again, (and which comes near to *Scamel*, in the Traces of the Letters.) *Ray* tells us of another Bird, call'd the

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewel, master; farewel, farewel.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,
Ban' Ban', Cacalyban

Has a new master, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

the *Stannel*, of the *Hawk Species*. It is no Matter which of the three Readings we embrace, so we take a Word signifying the Name of something in Nature.



A C T III.

SCENE, before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

F E R D I N A N D.

THERE be some sports are painful, but their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore Injunction. My sweet mistress

Weeps

Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executer; I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
Most busie-less, when I do it. (11)

Enter Miranda; and Prospero, at a distance unseen.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest your self;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,

(11) Least busie *when I do it.*] This Reading, I presume, to
be Mr. Pope's; for I do not find it authoriz'd by the Copies:
The two first Folio's read:

Most busy least, *when I do it.*

'Tis true, this Reading is corrupt; but the Corruption is so very
little remov'd from the Truth of the Text, that I can't afford
to think well of my own Sagacity for having discover'd it.

(Chiefly

(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know

One, of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,
I'm skilless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides your self, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a King;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak;
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,

If I speak true hollowly, invert
What best is boā me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! heav'ns rain grace,
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer,
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide it self,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

Ste. **T**ELL not me; when the butt is out, we will
drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear
up, and board 'em, servant-monster; drink to me.

Trin.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! they say, there's but five upon this isle; we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in case to juggle a constable; why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree——the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,

a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st,
But this thing dares not.——)

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass? canst thou bring
me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him; when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt
the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll
turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of
thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go fur-
ther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take you that.

[Beats him.

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits,
and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack
and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the
devil take your fingers!

Cal.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I'th' afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books: or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not One spirit to command. They all do hate him, As rootedly as I. Burn but his books; He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,) Which when he has an house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman, But only *Sycorax* my dam, and she: But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*, As greatest does the least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queen, save our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy self shall be Vice-Roys. Dost thou like the plot, *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry, I beat thee: but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure; Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch, You taught me but while-ere?

Ste.

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: come on, *Trinculo*, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em; thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thy self in the likeness; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defie thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices; That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming, The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches Ready to drop upon me; then when I wak'd, I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow *Stephano*. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE *changes to another Part of the Island.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, &c.

Gon. **B**Y'R lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my self attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say, to night: no more.

*Solemn and strange musick; and Prospero on the top, invi-
sible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a ban-
quet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutation;
and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! what were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does else want credit, come to me,

And

And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders:
(For, certes, these are people of the island)
Who tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many; nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise, in departing.——

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They've left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe, that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter out on five for one will bring us (12)
Good warrant of.

Alon.

(12) *Each Putter out of Five for One.*——] By the Variation
of a single Letter, I think, I have set the Text right; and will
therefore now proceed to explain it. I freely confess, that I
once understood this Passage thus; that every *five* Travellers (or
Putters out) did bring authentick Confirmation of these Stories,
for one that pretended to dispute the Truth of them: But com-
municating my Sense of the Place to Two ingenious Friends, I
found, I was not at the Bottom of the Meaning. Mr. Warburton
observ'd to me, that this was a fine Piece of conceal'd Satire on
the

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy, claps
his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the
banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this Island
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From *Milan* did supplant good *Prospero*:
Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,

the Voyagers of that Time, who had just discover'd a new
World; and, as was very natural, grew most extravagant in
displaying the Wonders of it. That, particularly, by *Each Pattern
out of Five for One*, was meant the Adventurers in the Discovery
of the *West-Indies*, who had for the Money they advanc'd and
contributed, 20 per Cent. — Dr. *Thirlby* did not a little assist
this Explanation by his Concurrence, and by instructing me,
that it was usual in those Times for Travellers to put out Money,
to receive a greater Sum if they liv'd to return; and, for Proof,
he refer'd me to *Morison's Itinerary*, Part I. p. 198, &c.

Against

Against your peace: thee of thy son, *Alonso*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from,
(Which here in this most desolate Isle else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft musick, Enter the
shapes again, and dance with moppes and morwes, and
carrying out the table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done; my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young *Ferdinand*, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.

[Exit Prospero from above.]

Gon. I' th' name of something holy, Sir, why stand
you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methoughts, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The Name of *Prosper*: it did bafe my trespass.
Therefore, my son I' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lye mudded.

[Exit.]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt.]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,

VOL. I.

D

Now

Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly;
And hinder them from what this ecstasie
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you. [Exit



A C T IV.

S C E N E, Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

PROSPERO.

IF I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life; (a)
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my tryals of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find, she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

(13) ————— for 1

Have giv'n you here a third of my own life,] Thus all the
Impressions in general; but why is She only a *Third* of his own
Life? He had no Wife living, nor any other Child, to rob him
of a Share in his Affection: So that we may reckon her at least
half of himself. Nor could he intend, that he lov'd himself
twice as much as he did her; for he immediately subjoins, that
it was *She* for whom he liv'd. In *Othello*, when *Iago* alarms the
Senator with the loss of his Daughter, he tells him,

Your Heart is burst, you have lost half your Soul.

And *Dimidium anima mea* was the current Language with the
Latines on such Occasions.

Fer. I believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy Rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersions shall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen's* lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think or *Phæbus's* steeds are founde'r'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
What, *Ariel*; my industrious servant, *Ariel*—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so;

D 2

Each

Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.

Do you love me, master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach,
'Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night, your vow!——

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come, my *Ariel*; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly——
No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

[*To Ferdinand.*

[*Soft Musick.*

A M A S Q U E. *Enter Iris.*

Iris. *Ceres*, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with flover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionied, and tulip'd brims,
Which spungy *April* at thy heft betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-
groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed batchelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky hard,
Where thou thy self do'st air; the Queen o' th' sky,
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her Sov'reign Grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter*:

Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow do'st crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heav'nly bow,
If *Venus* or her son, as thou do'st know,
Do now attend the Queen: since they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis* my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her son
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid.
Till *Hymen's* torch be lighted; but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows;
Swears, he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of state,
Great *Juno*, comes; I know her by her gate.

[*Juno descends, and enters.*]

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosp'rous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and encreasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

D 3

Cer.

Enter

Cer. Earth's increase, and fayson-plenty, (14)
 Barns and garners never empty,
 Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
 Plants, with goodly burthen bowing,
 Spring come to you, at the farthest,
 In the very end of harvest!
 Scarcity and want shall shun you;
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestick vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
 To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
 So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
 Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously;
 There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

Juno and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on employment.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Nayads*, of the winding
 brooks,
 With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
 Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
 Answer your summons, *Juno* does command:
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd fickle-men, of *August* weary,
 Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;

(14) *Earth's Increase.*] All the Editions, that I have ever seen, concur in placing this whole Sonnet to *Juno*: but very absurdly, in my Opinion. I believe, every accurate Reader, who is acquainted with poetical History, and the distinct Offices of these two Goddesses, and who then seriously reads over our Author's Lines, will agree with Me, that *Ceres's* Name ought to have been placed where I have now prefix'd it.

Make

Make holy-day : your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow and confused noise, they vanish heavily.

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confed'rates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. Well done, avoid; no more.

Fer. This is most strange; your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You look, my son, in a mov'd fort,
As if you were dismay'd; be chearful, Sir :
Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe it self,
Yea, all, which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind ! we are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vext ;
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled :
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity ;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exe. Fer. and Mir.*]

Pro. Come with a thought ;——I thank you :——
Ariel, come.

Prospero comes forward from the Cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure ?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented *Cerubs*, I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd, Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking; So full of valour, that they smote the air For breathing in their faces; beat the ground For kissing of their feet; yet always bending Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor, At which, like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears, Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses, As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears, That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns, Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird; Thy shape invisible retain thou still; The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither, For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[Exit.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; And, as with age, his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers; I will plague them all, Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

[Prospero remains invisible.

Enter Ariel loaden with glistening apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your *Fairy*, which you say is a harmless *Fairy*, has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine: do you hear, monster? if I should take a displeasure against you; look you——

Trin. Thou wer't but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still: Be patient, for the prize, I'll bring thee to, Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak softly: All's hush't as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,——

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless *Fairy*, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet: seest thou here, This is the mouth o'th' cell; no noise, and enter; Do that good mischief, which may make this Island Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*, For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*! O Peer! O worthy *Stephano*! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery;——O, King *Stephano*!

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropie drown this fool! what do you mean, To doat thus on such luggage? let's along, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't; wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am King of this country: steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on. Calib. Steph. and Trinc. driven out, roaring.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, Tyrant, there; hark, hark; Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them, Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour Lye at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little, Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

SCENE, before the Cell.

Enter Prospero in his magick Robes, and Ariel.

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head ;
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey, and
time

Goes upright with his carriage : how's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You said, our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest ; say, my spirit,
How fares the King and 's followers ?

Ari. Confin'd
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
Just as you left them, all your prisoners, Sir,
In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, 'till your release. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay ; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*.
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds ; your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?

Tho'.

Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
 Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part; the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further; go, release them, *Ariel*;
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. [Exit.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
 groves,

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,
 When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
 By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
 (Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war; to the dread ratling thunder
 Have I giv'n fire, and risted *Jove's* stout oak
 With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
 The pine and cedar: graves at my command (15)
 Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magick
 I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly musick, which ev'n now I do,
 (To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for;) I'll break my staff;
 Bury it certain fadoms in the earth;
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book. [Solemn musick.

(15) ——— *Graves at my Command*

Have wak'd their Sleepers;] As odd, as this Expression
 is, of *Graves waking their Dead*, instead of, the Dead waking
 in their Graves, I believe, it may be justified by the Usage of
 Poets.

Here

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopt. ———
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to th' shew of thine,
Fall fellow-drops. ——— The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness; so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reason. O my good *Gonzalo*,
My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. ——— Most cruelly
Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*, flesh and blood. (16)
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who with *Sebastian*
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'ral though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me. ——— *Ariel*,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
[*Exit Ariel, and returns immediately.*

(16) *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and Blood,* by no means think, this was our Author's Pointing: or that it gives us his Meaning. He would say, that *Sebastian* now was pinch'd thro' and thro' for his Trespas; felt the Punishment of it all over his Body.

As I was sometime *Milan* : quickly, Spirit ;
Thou shalt e'er long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I ; (17)

In a cowslip's bell I lie :

There I couch, when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly,

After sunset, merrily. (18)

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel* ; I shall miss thee.
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so,
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art ;
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat.

[*Exit.*

Gen. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here ; some heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country !

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Prospero* :
For more assurance that a living Prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

(17) *Where the Bee sucks, there suck I ;*] I have ventur'd to vary from the printed Copies here. Could *Ariel*, a Spirit of a refin'd æthereal Essence, be intended to want Food ? Besides the sequent Lines rather countenance *lurk*.

(18) *After Summer merrily*] Why, *after Summer* ? Unless we must suppose, our Author alluded to that mistaken Notion of *Bats*, *Swallows*, &c. crossing the Seas in pursuit of hot Weather. I conjectur'd, in my *Shakespeare restor'd*, that *Sunset* was our Author's Word : And this Conjecture Mr. *Pope*, in his last Edition, thinks probably should be espoused. My Reasons for the Change were from the known Nature of the *Bat*.

Alon.

Alon. Be'st thou be or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me; this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story:
Thy Dukedom I resign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

Pro. No: ———

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st *Prospero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreckt upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm woe for 't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,

For

For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heav'n's! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wish,
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howsoever you have
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am *Prosp'ro*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Milan*; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreckt, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My Dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE opens to the Entrance of the Cell.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing
at Chess.

Mira. SWEET lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mira.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings [Ferd. kneels.
Of a glad Father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice: nor thought, I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;
But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, Sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown:
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!

Alon.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was *Milan* thrust from *Milan*, that his issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*! O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
In gold on lasting pillars! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; *Prospero* his Dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not with you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boatsf. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company; the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From stranger to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boatsf. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead-a-sleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with strange and sev'ral noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:

Where

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld (19)
Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence, thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:
Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo,
in their stolen Apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself; for all is but fortune; *Coragio*,
bully-monster, *Coragio*!

Trin. If these be true spies, which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly fight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid,
He will chastise me.

[19] *Where we in all our Trim, freshly beheld*

Our royal, good and gallant Ship; ———] What was their
Trim, would the Editors have us conceive? The Fright that
they had been put into, by the Diversity of Noises? But, as
Dr. Thirlby rightly observ'd to me, the Trim is to be under-
stood of the Ship, and not of the Crew.

Seb.

Seb. Ha, ha;

What things are these, my lord *Antonio*!
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true: this mis-shap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch't to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; where should they
Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded 'em? (20)
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I
shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano*?

Ste. O, touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' th' isle, Sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomly.

(20) *Find this grand Lignor.*] I certainly think, *Shakespeare*
wrote 'Lixir' here; alluding to the grand *Elixir* of which the
Chymists of that Age told such Wonders, that it would renew
Youth, purchase Immortality, &c. and it being, as they pie-
cended, a Preparation of *Gold*, they call'd it also, *Aurum po-
tabile*: hence, 'tis probable, *Shakespeare* says, gilded.

Cal.

The TEMPEST.

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Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a God?
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to *Naples*;
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



EPI.



EPILOGUE

Spoken by *Prospero*.

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: and now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell:
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. For now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair, (21)
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free!

[(21) *And my ending is Despair,*] The Allusion is very well kept up in this Epilogue. And the Actor here is not only applying to the Audience for Favour, in behalf of the Author; but *Prospero* speaks in the Character of a Magician; and so [as Mr. Warburton hinted to me] alludes to the old Stories told of the *Necromancers'* Despair in their last Moments, and the Prayers of their Friends for them.



Dramatis Personae.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

Demetrius, his son.

Philobates, Master of the Ship in the Port.

Quince, the Carpenter.

Song, the Joiner.

Bottom, the Weaver.

A

Flute, the Bellows-blower.

Snout, the Tinker.

Starveling, the Tailor.

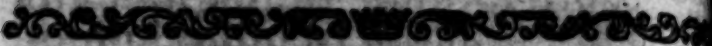
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

DREAM.

Cobweb,
Moth,
Mustard-seed,
Pyramus,
Thisbe,
Lyon.

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE, Athens; and a Wood near the town.



Dramatis Personæ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

Egeus, *an Athenian Lord.*

Lyfander, *in love with Hermia.*

Demetrius, *in love with Hermia.*

Philoftrate, *Master of the Sports to the Duke.*

Quince, *the Carpenter.*

Snug, *the Joiner.*

Bottom, *the Weaver.*

Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*

Snowt, *the Tinker.*

Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Princess of the Amazons, betroth'd to Theseus.*

Hermia, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lyfander.*

Helena, *in love with Demetrius.*

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*

Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*

Puck, *or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.*

Peaseblossom,

Cobweb,

Moth,

Mustard-seed,

} *Fairies.*

Pyramus,

Thisbe,

Wall,

Moonshine,

Lyon.

} *Characters in the Interlude perform'd by
the Clowns.*

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE, *Athens; and a Wood not far from it.*



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*H. Gravelot in & del.
Vol. 1. P. 71.*

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A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S D R E A M.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the Duke's Palace in Athens.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with attendants.

THESEUS.



OW, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how
slow.

This old moon wanes! she lingers my de-
sires,

Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a silver bow,
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, *Philostrate*,
Stir up th' *Athenian* youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[*Exit Phi.*
Hippo-

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E

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Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword;
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Against my child, my daughter *Hermia*.

Stand forth, *Demetrius*.——My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, *Lyfander*.——And, my gracious Duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:

Thou, thou, *Lyfander*, thou hast giv'n her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:

Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;

And stol'n th' impression of her fantasie,

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth)

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness: And, my gracious Duke,
Be't so, she will not here before your Grace

Consent to marry with *Demetrius*;

I beg the ancient privilege of *Athens*,

As she is mine, I may dispose of her:

Which shall be either to this gentleman,

Or to her death, according to our law,

Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, *Hermia*? be advis'd, fair maid.

To you your father should be as a God,

One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,

To whom you are but as a form in wax

By him imprinted; and within his power

To leave the figure, or disfigure it:

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is *Lyfander*.

The.

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The. In himself he is;

But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:

I know not, by what pow'r I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But, I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless, moon?
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yolk
My soul consents not to give Sov'reignty.

The. Take time to pause; and by the next new moon,
(The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;
Or on *Diana's* altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet *Hermia*; and, *Lysander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

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Lys. You have her father's love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia's*; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful *Lysander*! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto *Demetrius*:

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well posselt: my love is more than his:
My fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*:
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)
Made love to *Nedar's* daughter, *Helena*;
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought t'have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, *Demetrius*, come;
And come, *Egeus*; you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look, you arm your self
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come, my *Hippolita*; what cheer, my love?

Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along;

I must employ you in some business

Against our nuptials, and confer with you

Of something nearly that concerns your selves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent *Lysander* and *Hermia*.

Lys. How now, my love? why is your cheek so pale?
How chance, the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteech

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Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Hermia, for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood——

Her. O crows!—too high, to be enthrall'd to low!—(1)

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years——

Her. O spight! too old, to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends——

Her. O hell! to chuse love by another's eye!

Lys. Or if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,

That (in a spleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;

And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!

The jaws of darkness do devour it up;

So quick bright things come to confusion.——

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then, let us teach our tryal patience:

Because it is a customary cross,

As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and sighs,

Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore hear me, *Hermia*.

(1) *Too high, to be enthrall'd to Love.*] This Reading possesses all the Editions, but carries no just meaning in it. Nor was *Hermia* displeas'd at being in Love; but regrets the Inconveniences, that generally attend the Passion: Either, the Parties are disproportion'd, in degree of Blood and Quality; or unequal, in respect of Years; or brought together by the Appointment of Friends, and not by their own Choice. These are the Complaints represented by *Lysander*; and *Hermia*, to answer to the first, as she has done to the other two, must necessarily say;

O Crows!——too high, to be enthrall'd to low!

So the *Antithesis* is kept up in the Terms; and so she is made to console the Disproportion of Blood and Quality in Lovers.

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I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
From *Athens* is her house remov'd seven leagues,
And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp *Athenian* law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*
To do observance to the morn of *May*,
There will I stay for thee.

Herm. My good *Lysander*,
I swear to thee by *Cupid's* strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the Simplicity of *Venus'* doves,
By that, which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
When the false *Trojan* under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed, fair *Helena*! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay;
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: oh, were favour so!
Your words I'd catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being 'bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me, how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of *Demetrius'* heart.

Hel.

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Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh, that my pray'rs could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His Folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were
mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and my self will fly this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,

Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradise to me.

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell?

Lys. *Helen*, to you our minds we will unfold;

To morrow night, when *Phæbe* doth behold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass;

(A time, that lovers flights doth still conceal)

Through *'Athens'* gate have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lye,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsels sweet; (2)

There, my *Lysander* and my self shall meet;

(1) *Emptying our Bosoms of their Counsels swell'd;*

There my Lysander and myself shall meet;

And thence from Athens turn away our Eyes,

To seek new Friends, and strange Companions.]

This whole Scene is strictly in Rhyme; and that it deviates in these two Couplets, I am persuaded, is owing to the Ignorance of the first, and the Inaccuracy of the later, Editors: I have therefore ventur'd to restore the Rhymes, as I make no Doubt but the Poet first gave them. *Sweet* was easily corrupted into *swell'd*, because That made an *Antithesis* to *Emptying*: and *strange Companions* our Editors thought was plain English; but *stranger Companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. Our Author very often uses the Substantive *Stranger* adjectively; and *Companies*, to signify *Companions*.

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And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
To seek new Friends and stranger Companies.
Farewel, sweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius*!
Keep word, *Lyfander*; we must starve our fight
From Lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit *Hermia*.

Lyf. I will, my *Hermia*.—*Helena*, adieu;
As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you! [Exit *Lyfander*.

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so:
He will not know; what all, but he, do know.
And as he errs, doating on *Hermia's* eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again.

[Exit.



S C E N E

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 81

SCENE changes to a Cottage.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

Quin. IS all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all *Athens*, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Dutchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth your actors by the scrowl. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest;——yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in: To make all split——“the raging rocks, and shivering
“shocks shall break the locks of prison-gates——and
“*Phibbus*’ carr shall shine from far, and make and mar
“the foolish fates”——This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is *Ercles*’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute*, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you.

E S

Flu.

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Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wand'ring Knight?

Quin. It is the lady, that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a masque; and you may speak as small, as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, *Thisne*, *Thisne*; ah, *Pyramus*, my lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you, *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, the taylor.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisby's* mother. (3)

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snow. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus's* father; myself, *Thisby's* father; *Snug*, the joiner, you, the lion's part: I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchess and the ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

(3) ——— you must play *Thisby's* Mother.] There seems a double Forgetfulness of our Poet, in relation to the Characters of this Interlude. The Father and Mother of *Thisby*, and the Father of *Pyramus*, are here mention'd, who do not appear at all in the Interlude; but *Wall* and *Moonshine* are Both employ'd in it, of whom there is not the least Notice taken here.

Bot.

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Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us ; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a sweet-fac'd man ; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day ; a most lovely gentleman-like man : therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your *French* crown-colour'd beard ; your perfect yellow.

Quin. (4) Some of your *French* crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, masters, here are your parts ; and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night ; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearse ; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

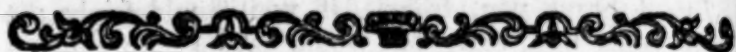
Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough ; hold, or cut bow-strings. — [*Exeunt.*]

(4) *Some of your French Crowns have no Hair at all,*] See the third Note on *Measure for Measure*, which explains this dark Passage.

ACT



A C T II.

SCENE, *a Wood.*

Enter a Fairy at one Door, and Puck (or Robin-good-fellow) at another.

P U C K.

HOW now, spirit, whither wander you ?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green ;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, Fairy-favours :
In those freckles live their favours :
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to night,
Take heed, the Queen come not within his sight.
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an *Indian* King :
She never had so sweet a changeling ;
And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild ;
But she per-force with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,

But

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But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups; and hide them there.

Fai. Or I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd, and knavish sprite,
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow*. Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagere,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless huswife chern:
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mislead night-wand'ers, laughing at their harm?
Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly-foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loose,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But make room, Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

Fai. And here my mistress: would, that he were gone!

*Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one door with his train,
and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania*.

Queen. What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairies, skip hence,
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash Wanton; am not I thy lord?

Queen.

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Queen. Then I must be thy lady ; but I know,
When thou ha'st stoll'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of *Corin* sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To am'rous *Phillida*. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of *India* ?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To *Theseus* must be wedded ; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus for shame, *Titania*,
Glance at my credit with *Hippolita* ;
Knowing, I know thy love to *Theseus* ?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From *Periguné*, whom he ravished ; (5)
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiope* ?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy :
And never since the middle summer's spring
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,

(5) *From Perigenia, whom he ravish'd :*] Thus all the Editors, either not knowing, or not attending to, the History of this Lady, have falsely call'd her : but our Author, who diligently perus'd *Plutarch*, and glean'd from him, where his Subject would admit, knew, from the Life of *Theseus*, that her Name was *Perigyné* ; (or *Periguné*) by whom *Theseus* had his Son *Melanippus*. She was the Daughter of *Sinnis*, a cruel Robber, and Tormenter of Passengers in the *Isthmus*. *Plutarch* and *Athenaus* are both express in the Circumstance of *Theseus* ravishing her : and the Former of them adds, (as *Diod. Siculus*, *Apollodorus* and *Pausanias*, likewise tell us) that he kill'd her Father into the Bargain.

That

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That they have over-borne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yolk in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
That rheumatick diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old *Hyems'* chin, and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which;
And this same progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.
Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order,
And, in the spiced *Indian* air by night,
Full often she hath gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on *Neptune's* yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:

Which

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Which she, with pretty and with swimming gate, (6)
Follying (her womb then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Queen. Perchance, 'till after *Theseus'* wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Elves, away:
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her train.*]

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury. —

My gentle *Puck*, come hither; thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.

(6) Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her Womb then rich with my young Squire)

Would imitate;] Following *What*? She did not follow the
Ship whose Motion she imitated; for That sail'd on the Water,
She on the Land. And if by following, we are to understand,
copying; it is a mere *Pleonasm*, that Meaning being included
in the Word *imitate*. From Circumstances in the Context,
there is great Reason to think our Author wrote, *follying*, i. e.
wantoning, in Sport and Gaiety; so the old Writers used *Fol-
lity* for Foolishness; and Both Words are from, and in the
Sense of *folâtrer*, to play the Wanton. And this admirably
agrees with the Action, for which she is here commended, and
with the Context; — Full often has she gossip'd by my Side,
and, When we have laugh'd to see, &c.

Mr. Warburton.
Puck.

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Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, but thou cou'dst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid alarm'd: a certain aim he took (7)
At a fair Vestal, throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young *Cupid's* fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the Imperial Votress pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell,
It fell upon a little western flower;
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it Love in idleness.
Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I shew'd thee once;
The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man, or woman, madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[Exit.]

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when she is asleep,

(7) *Cupid* all arm'd;] Surely, this presents us with a very unclassical Image. Where do we read or see, in ancient Books, or Monuments, *Cupid* arm'd more than with his Bows and Arrows? and with these we for ever see him arm'd. And these are all the Arms he had Occasion for in this present Action; a more illustrious One, than any, his Friends, the Classics, ever brought him upon.——The Change I make is so small, but the Beauty of the Thought so great, which this Alteration carries with it, that, I think, we are not to hesitate upon it. For what an Addition is this to the Compliment made upon this Virgin *Queen's* Celibacy, that it alarm'd the Power of Love? as if his Empire was in Danger, when this *Imperial Votress* had declared herself for a single Life: so powerful would her great Example be in the World.——*Queen Elizabeth* could not but be pleased with our Author's Address upon this Head.

Mr. Warburton.

And

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And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
 The next thing which she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on lyon, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On medling monkey, or on busie ape)
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love :
 And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
 (As I can take it with another herb)
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here ? I am invisible, (8)
 And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is *Lyfander*, and fair *Hermia* ?
 The one I'll slay ; the other slayeth me. (9)
 Thou told'st me, they were stoll'n into this wood ;
 And here am I, and wood within this wood ;
 Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
 But yet you draw not iron ; for my heart
 Is true as steel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
 And I shall have no pow'r to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you ? do I speak you fair ?
 Or rather do I not in plainest truth
 Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot, love you ?

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more ;
 I am your spaniel ; and, *Demetrius*,
 The more you beat me, I will fawn on you :

(8) ————— *I am invisible.*] I thought proper here to observe, that, as *Oberon* and *Puck* his Attendant, may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their Entering ; they are design'd by the Poet to be suppos'd on the Stage during the greatest Part of the Remainder of the Play ; and to mix, as they please, as Spirits, with the other Actors ; and embroil the Plot, by their Interposition, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own Purpose.

(9) *The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.*] Thus it has been in all the Editions hitherto : but Dr. *Thirby* ingeniously saw, it must be, as I have corrected in the Text.

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Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used, as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit your self
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone;
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild Beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger. Bootless speed!
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell;
To die upon the hand, I love so well.

[*Exeunt.*
Ob.

92 *A Midsummer-Night's-Dream.*

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he doth leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
Hast thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me;
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
A sweet *Athenian* lady is in love
With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than she upon her love;
And, look, you meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Ext.*]

Enter Queen of fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a *Fairy* song:
Then, 'fore the third part of a minute, hence; (10)
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,

(10) *Then for the third part of a Minute hence.] But the Queen sets them Work, that is to keep them employ'd for the Remainder of the Night: The Poet, undoubredly, intended her to say, Dance your Round, and sing your Song, and then instantly (before the third part of a Minute) begone to your respective Duties,*

Some

A Midsummer-Night's-Dream. 93

Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wing,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep:
Then to your Offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

*You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night with lullaby.*

2 Fairy.

*Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence, you long-leg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel with melody, &c.*

1 Fairy.

*Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand Centinel.*

[*Exeunt Fairies. The Queen sleeps.*]

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou see'st, when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take;
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit Oberon.*]

Enter

94 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Enter Lyfander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if thou think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be't so, *Lyfander*; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good *Lyfander*; for my sake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lys. O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference;
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two bosoms, interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms, and a single troth:
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. *Lyfander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lyfander* ly'd.
But, gentle friend, for love and curtesie
Lye further off; in human modesty,
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be prest!
[*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But *Asbenian* found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love:

Night

Night and silence! who is here?
 Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the *Athenian* maid.
 And here the maiden sleeping found
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul! she durst not lye
 Near to this kill-curtessie. (11)
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the pow'r this charm doth owe:
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid;
 So awake, when I am gone:
 For I must now to *Oberon*.

[*Exit*.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius*!

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me
 thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[*Exit Demetrius.*

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace;

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed, and attractive, eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? not with salt tears;

If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers;

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear.

(11) *Near to this lack love, this kill-curtessie.*] Thus, in all the printed Editions. But this Verse, as *Ben. Jonson* says, is broke loose from his Fellows, and wants to be tyed up. I believe, the Poet wrote;

Near to this kill-courtesie.

And so the Line is reduced to the Measure of the other. But this Term being somewhat quaint and uncommon, the Players, in my Opinion, officiously clasp'd in the other, as a Comment; and so it has ever since held Possession.

There-

96 *A Midsummer-Night's-Dream.*

Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
Do (as a monster) fly my presence thus.
What wicked, and dissembling, glass of mine
Made me compare with *Hermia's* sphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground:
Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:
Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake.

Lys. And run thro' fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[*Waking*]

Transparent *Helen*, nature here shews art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, *Lysander*, say not so;
What tho' he love your *Hermia*? lord, what tho'?
Yet *Hermia* still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? no: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent;
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says, you are the worthier maid.
Things, growing, are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reason;
And, touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from *Demetrius'* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do;
In such disdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness:
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd!

[*Exit.*
Lys.]

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Lys. She sees not *Hermia*; *Hermia*, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come *Lysander* near;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresie,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And all my pow'rs address your love and might
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight! [Exit.]

Her. Help me, *Lysander*, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast:
Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear;
Me-thought, a serpent eat my heart away;
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:
Lysander! what remov'd? *Lysander*, lord!
What, out of hearing gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, and if you hear,
Speak, of all loves; (I swoon almost, with fear.)
No?—then I well perceive, you are not nigh;
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.]



A C T III.

SCENE, *The Wood.*

Enter *Quince*, *Snug*, *Bottom*, *Flute*, *Snout* and
Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

BOTTOM.

ARE we all met?
Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring house,
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and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince——

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'laken, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well; write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for more better assurance tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selves; to bring in, God shield us, a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect; ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think, I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the joiner.

Quin.

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Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for, you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the Person of moon-shine. Then there is another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby* (says the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall. What say you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?
What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;
An Actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*; *Thisby*, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby*, the flower of odious favours sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

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Pyr. Odours, favours sweet.

So doth thy breath, my dearest *Thisby*, dear;
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit; (12)

And, by and by, I will to thee appear, [*Exit. Pyr.*

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here! [*Aside.*

Thisb. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Thisb. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most brisk *Juvenile*, and eke most lovely *Jew*,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny's* tomb.

Quin. *Ninus'* tomb, man; why you must not speak that yet: that you answer to *Pyramus*; you speak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus*, enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

Re-enter Bottom, with an Ass-head.

Thisb. O,——As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted; pray, masters; fly, masters; help! [*The Clowns exeunt.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through bryer;

Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

(12) ————*stay thou here a while;*] The Verses here, 'tis plain, should be alternately in Rhyme: but *sweet* in the Close of the first Line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpose. The Author, doubtless, gave it;

—————*stay thou but here a whit;*

i. e. a little while: for so it signifies, as also any thing of no Price, or Consideration; a trifle: in which Sense it is very frequent with our Author.

Bot.

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Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Enter Snout.

Snout. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, *Bottom*, bless thee; thou art translated.

Bot. I see their knavery, this is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[Sings.

The Ousef cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

[Waking.

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, [Sings.

The plain-song cuckow gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay.

For, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lye, tho' he cry *cuckow* never so?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,

On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

F 3.

Bot.

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Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me,
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I: where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise:
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail!

2 *Fair.* Hail!—

3 *Fair.* Hail!—

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily; I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. *Cobweb.*

Bot. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good master *Cobweb*; if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman.

Peasi.

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Pease. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress *Squash* your mother, and to master *Peascod* your father. Good master *Peaseblossom*, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, Sir.

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good master *Mustardseed*, I know your patience well: that same cowardly giant-like Ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire more of your acquaintance, good master *Mustardseed*.

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
And when she weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity!

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King of Fairies.

Ob. I wonder, if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her-eye,
Which she must doat on in extremity,

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger! how now, mad sprite,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great *Theseus'* nuptial day.
The shallow'thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An *Afs's* noll I fixed on his head;
Anon, his *Thisby* must be answered,
And forth my minnock comes: when they him spy,
As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,

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Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
 So at his sight, away his fellows fly;
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
 He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch,
 Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.
 I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straitway lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better, than I could devise.
 But hast thou yet latch'd the *Athenian's* eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping; that is finish'd too;
 And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
 That when he wakes, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
 For thou, I fear, hast giv'n me cause to curse:
 If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep,
 Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
 And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
 As he to me. Would he have stoll'n away
 From sleeping *Hermia*? I'll believe as soon,
 This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
 May through the center creep, and so displease
 Her brother's noon-tide with th' *Antipodes*.
 It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
 So should a murder'er look, so dread, so grim.

Dem.

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Dem. So should the murther'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you the murtherer look as bright, and clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimm'ring sphere.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
Ah, good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'd rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men.

O! once tell true, and even for my sake,
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake?

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder do so much?

An adder did it, for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood;

I am not guilty of *Lysander's* blood,

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more;

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [Exit.]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain:

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,

For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his Tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.]

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid thy love-juice on some true love's fight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding
troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And *Helena* of *Athens*, see, thou find.

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All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer;
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear;
By some illusion, see, thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bow.

[*Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid's* archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noise, they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone.
And those things do best please me,
That befall prepost'rously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn;
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears:
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more;
When truth kills truth, O devilish, holy, fray!
These vows are *Hermia's*: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;

You

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Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Her. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

[*Exit.* *Dem.* (*awaking.*) O *Helen*, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine,

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy; O how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus'* snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss
This Princess of pure white, this seal of bliss.

Hel. O spight, O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesie,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:
To vow and swear, and super-praise my parts;
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both rivals to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of nobler sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not so;
For you love *Hermia*; this, you know, I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia's* love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My

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My heart to her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There ever to remain.

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know,
Left to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look, where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes:
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander*, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy found.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysander's* love, that would not let him 'bide,
Fair *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate, I bear thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not, as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confed'racy;
Now, I perceive, they have conjoin'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us; O! and is all forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds

Had

Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition ;
Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, (13)
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly ;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words :
I scorn you not ; it seems, that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
(Who, even but now, did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial ? wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates ? and wherefore doth *Lysander*
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection ;
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back ;
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up :
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,

(13) *Two of the first Life, coats in Heraldry,*

*Due but to One, and crowned with one Crest.] The true
Correction of this Passage I owe to the Friendship and Com-
munication of the ingenious Martin Folks, Esq;—Two of
the first, second, &c. are Terms peculiar in Heraldry to distinguish
the different Quarterings of Coats.*

You

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You would not make me such an argument :
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena* ; hear my excuse ;
My love, my life, my soul, fair *Helena* !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel, no more than she entreat :
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
Prayers.

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do ;
I swear, by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says, I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come——

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiops* !

Dem. No, no, he'll seem

To break away ; take on as he would follow,
But yet come not ; you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr ; vile thing, let
loose ;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change is this ?
Sweet love !

Lys. Thy love ? out, tawny *Tartar*, out ;
Out, loathed medicine : hated poison, hence.

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond ; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you ; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead ?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate ?
Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?
Am not I *Hermia* ? are not you *Lysander* ?

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I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left me;
Why then you left me——(O the gods forbid it!)

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest;
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you jugler; oh, you canker-blossom;
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And stoll'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? what, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit; you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet! why, so: ay, that way goes the game.
Now, I perceive, that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid, for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again. ——

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:

He

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He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see, how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is't, that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harm thee, *Helena*.

Dem. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little, again? nothing but low, and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus;
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You *Minim* you, of hind'ring knot-grass made; (14)
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone, speak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st; to try whose right,
Or thine, or mine, is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*]

(14) *You Minimus*,—] This is no Term of Art, that I can find; and I can scarce be willing to think, that *Shakespeare* would use the Masculine of an Adjective to a Woman. He was not so deficient in Grammar. I doubt not, but he might have wrote:

You Minim, you, —

i. e. *You Diminutive of the Creation, you Reptile.*

Her.

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Her. You, mistress, all this coyl is long of you :
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I ;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray ;
My legs are longer, though, to run away.

[*Exeunt : Hermia pursuing Helena.*]

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence : still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he had on ?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian's* eyes ;
And so far am I glad it did so sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight ;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcast the night ;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fogs, as black as *Acheron* ;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lyfander*, sometime, frame thy tongue,
Then stir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou, like *Demetrius* ;
And from each other, look, thou lead them thus ;
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep ;
Then crush this herb into *Lyfander's* eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might ;
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
And back to *Athens* shall the lovers wend
With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* boy ;

And

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And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts wandring here and there
Troop home to church-yard; damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully exile themselves from light;
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort;
I with the morning-light have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Ev'n 'till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on *Neptune* with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay;
We may effect this business yet ere day. [Exit Ob.]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? speak thou
now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art
thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plain ground. [Lyf. goes out, as following Dem.]

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lyfander,* speak again;
Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in some bush: where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck.

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Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant; come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lyfander comes back.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day:

[*Lyes down.*]

For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this spight.

Enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come thou hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy
this dear,

If ever I thy face by day-light see.

Now, go thy way; faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.

By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lyes down.*]

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Abate thy hours; shine, comforts, from the East;
That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,

From these, that my poor company detest;
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company.

[*Sleeps.*
Puck.]

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Puck. Yet but three? come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires:
Here will I rest me, 'till the break of day.
Heav'ns shield *Lysander*, if they mean a fray! [*Lyes down.*]

Puck. On the ground sleep sound,
I'll apply to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*]

When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight in the sight of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.
Jack shall have *Jill*, naught shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again, and all be well.
[*Exit Puck.* [They sleep.]



A C T IV.

S C E N E, continued, the Wood.

*Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending,
and the King behind them.*

QUEEN.

COME, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth'd head;
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot.

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Bot. Where's *Peaseblossom*?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaseblossom*. Where's monsieur *Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur *Cobweb*, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your self too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care, the honey-bag break not; I should be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's monsieur *Mustardseed*?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy nease, monsieur *Mustardseed*; pray you, leave your curtesie, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Rural Musick, Tongs, &c.

Queen. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms;
Fairies,

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Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away : (15)
 So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle, (16)
 Gently entwist the Maple ; Ivy so
 Enrings the baky fingers of the Elm.
 O, how I love thee ! how I doat on thee !

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin ; Seest thou this sweet
 fight ?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity ;
 For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
 Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her ;
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls ;
 Stood now within the pretty flourish's eyes,
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
 And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child,
 Which strait she gave me, and her Fairy sent

(15) ——— *and be always away.*] What ! was She giving her
 Attendants an everlasting Dismission ? No such Thing ; they
 were to be still upon Duty. I am convinc'd, the Poet meant ;

————— *and be all ways away.*

i. e. disperse your selves, and scout out severally, in your Watch,
 that danger approach us from no Quarter.

(16) *So doth the Woodbine the sweet Honey-suckle*

Gently entwist ; the female ivy so

Enrings the baky Fingers of the Elm.] What does the

Woodbine entwist ? Why, the *Honey-suckle*. But ever till now the
Honey-suckle and the *Woodbine* were but two Names for the
 same Plant. But We have now found a Support for the *Wood-*
bine, as well as for the *Ivy*. The Corruption might happen
 thus ; the first Blunderer in writing might leave the *p* out of
Maple, and make it *Male* ; upon which the acute Editors turn'd
 it into *Female*, and rack'd it as an Epithet to *Ivy*.

Mr. Warburton.

To

To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
 And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this *Athenian* swain;
 That he, awaking, when the others do,
 May all to *Athens* back again repair;
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But, first, I will release the Fairy Queen;

*Be, as thou wast wont to be;
 See, as thou wast wont to see:
 Dian's bud e'er Cupid's flower
 Hath such force and blessed power.* (17)

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my sweet Queen.

Queen. My *Oberon*! what visions have I seen!
 Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass?
 Oh, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence, a while; *Robin*, take off his head;
Titania, musick call; and strike more dead (18)
 Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Queen. Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth sleep.

(17) *Dian's Bud, or Cupid's flow'r.*] Thus all the Editions had stupidly exhibited this Passage. The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* gave me the Correction, which I have inserted in the Text, and which, doubtless, restores us the Author. *Oberon* in Act the 2d, where he first proposes to enchant his *Queen's* Eyes and Sense, tells us, he has an Antidote to take off the Charm.

(18) *Titania, Musick call, and strike more dead Than common Sleep. Of all these fine the Sense.*] This, most certainly, is both corrupt in the Text, and Pointing. Would Musick, that was to strike them into a deeper Sleep than ordinary, contribute to *fine* (or, *refine*) their Senses? My Emendation, I am persuaded, needs no justification. The *five*, that lay asleep on the Stage, were, *Demetrius*, *Lysander*, *Hermia*, *Helena*, and *Bottom*.—I ought to acknowledge, that Dr. *Thirlby* likewise started and communicated this very Correction.

Still

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Still Musick.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's eyes
peep.

Ob. Sound, musick; come, my Queen, take hand
with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will to morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke *Theseus'* house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my Queen, in silence fade; (19)

Trip we after the night's shade;

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord, and in our flight

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals on the ground.

[*Sleepers lie still.*

[*Exeunt.*

[*Wind horns within.*

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his Train.

The. Go one of you, find out the forester,

For now our observation is perform'd,

And since we have the vaward of the day,

My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.

Uncouple in the western valley, go,—

Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,

(19) *Then, my Queen, in silence sad,*] Why, *sad?* Fairies, according to the receiv'd Notion, are pleas'd to follow Night. For that Reason, and for bettering the Rhyme, I think it very probable that our Author wrote;—*in silence fade;* i. e. vanish, retreat. In which Sense our Author has elsewhere employ'd this Word.

And

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And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creet* they bay'd the bear
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Theſſalian* bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*:
Judge, when you hear. But soft, what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar's Helena*;
I wonder at their being here together.

Thes. No doubt, they rose up early to observe
The Rite of *May*; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our Solemnity.
But speak, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

Thes. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
Horns, and Shout within; Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia,
and Helena, wake and start up.

Thes. Good morrow, friends; Saint *Valentine* is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

Thes. I pray you all, stand up:
I know, you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

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G

Lys.

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Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here :
But as I think, (for truly would I speak,)
And now I do bethink me, so it is ;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of th' *Athenian* law.

Ege. Enough, enough ; my lord, you have enough ;
I beg the law, the law upon his head :
They would have stoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me ;
You, of your wife ; and me, of my consent ;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair *Helen* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood ;
And I in fury hither follow'd them ;
Fair *Helena* in fancy following me,
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
But by some power it is, my love to *Hermia*
Is melted as the snow ; seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon :
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* saw ;
But like a sickness did I loath this food ;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it ;
And will for ever more be true to it.

Thes. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.
Egeus, I will over-bear your will ;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit ;
And for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us to *Athens* ; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come,

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Come, *Hippolita*. [Exe. Duke, Hippol. and Train.

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted Eye;
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So, methinks;
And I have found *Demetrius* like a Gemell, (20)
Mine own, and not mine own.

(20) *And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,*

Mine own, and not my own.] *Hermia* had said, Things appear'd double to her. *Helena* says, So, methinks; and then subjoins, *Demetrius* was like a Jewel, her own and not her own. According to common Sense and Construction, *Demetrius* is here compar'd to something that has the Property of appearing the same, and yet not being the same: and this was a Thought natural enough, upon her declaring her Approbation of what *Hermia* had said, that every thing seems double. But now, how has a Jewel, or any precious Thing, the Property, rather than a more worthless one, of appearing to be the same and yet not the same? This, I believe, won't be easily found out. I make no doubt therefore, but the true Reading is;

And I have found Demetrius like a Gemell,

Mine own, and not mine own.

from *Gemellus*, a Twin. For *Demetrius* acted that Night two such different Parts, that she could hardly think him one and the same *Demetrius*: but that there were two Twin-*Demetrius*'s to the acting this Farce, like the two *Socia*'s. This makes good and pertinent Sense of the Whole; and the Corruption from *Gemell* to *Jewel* was so easy from the similar Trace of the Letters, and the Difficulty of the Transcribers understanding the true Word, that, I think, it is not to be question'd.

Mr. Warburton.

If some over-nice Spirits should object to *Gemell* wanting its Authorities as an *English* Word, I think fit to observe, in Aid of my Friend's fine Conjecture, that it is no new Thing with *Shakespeare* to coin and enfranchise Words fairly deriv'd; and some such as have by the Grammarians been call'd ἀπαχ λυγόμενα, or Words used but once. Again, tho' *Gemell* be not adopted either by *Chaucer*, or *Spenser*; nor acknowledg'd by the Dictionaries; yet both *Blount* in his *Glossography*, and *Philips* in his *World of Words* have *Geminels*, which they interpret Twins. And lastly, in two or three other Passages, *Shakespeare* uses the same Manner of Thought,

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Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*]

As they go out, Bottom wakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.
My next is, Most fair *Pyramus*—hey, ho,—*Peter*
Quince, *Flute* the bellows-mender! *Snout* the tinker!
Starveling! god's my life! stoll'n hence, and left me
asleep? I have had a most rare vision. I had a dream,
past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but
an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought
I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,
and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool, if
he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's
hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his
heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter*
Quince to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be call'd
Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will
sing it in the latter end of a play before the Duke; (21)
peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing
it after Death.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

(21) *Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at*
her Death.] At *her Death*? At *whose*? In all *Bottom's* Speech there
is not the least mention of any She-Creature, to whom this Rela-
tive can be coupled. I make not the least Scruple, but *Bottom*,
for the sake of a Jest, and to render his *Voluntary*, as we may call it,
the more gracious and extraordinary, said;—*I shall sing it after*
Death. He, as *Pyramus*, is kill'd upon the Scene; and so might
promise to rise again at the Conclusion of the Interlude, and
give the Duke his Dream by way of Song.—The Source of
the Corruption of the Text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* be-
ing sunk by the vulgar Pronunciation, the Copyist might write
it

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SCENE *changes to the Town.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. HAVE you sent to *Bottom's* house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible; you have not a man, in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon; (22) a paramour is (God bless us!) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully *Bottom*! thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scap'd six-pence a-day; an the Duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: he would have deserv'd it. Six-pence a-day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

it from the Sound,——a^{ter}: which the wise Editors not understanding, concluded, two Words were erroneously got together; so, splitting them, and clapping in an *b*, produced the present Reading——at her.

(22) *A Paramour is (God bless us) a thing of Nought.*] This is a Reading, I am sure, of *Nought*. My Change of a single Letter gives a very important Change to the Humour of the Passage.——A Thing of *naught*, means, a *naughty* Thing, little better than downright *Barwary*.

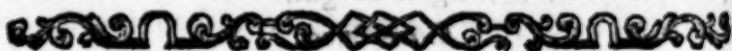
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Quin. Bottom ! — O most courageous day ! O most happy hour !

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what ; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me ; all I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps ; meet presently at the palace, every man look o'er his part ; for the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd : in any case, let *Thibby* have clean linnen ; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws ; and, most dear actors ! eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a most sweet comedy. No more words ; away ; go away. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.

HIPPOLITA.

TIS strange, my *Theseus*, what these lovers speak of.
Thes. More strange than true. I never may believe

These antick fables, nor these fairy toys ;
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
The madman. While the lover, all as frantick,
Sees *Helen's* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heav'n ;
And

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 127

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if he would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night imagining some fear,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena.

Thes. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends; joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts.

Lyf. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

Thes. Come now, what masks, what dances shall we
have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call *Philstrate*.

Enter Philstrate.

Philost. Here, mighty *Theseus*.

Thes. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What masque? what musick? how shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

[*Giving a Paper.*

Thes. reads.] *The battel with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

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We'll none of that. That I have told my love,
In glory of my kinsman *Hercules*.

*The riot of the tipsie Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*

That is an old device; and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came last a conqueror.

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is some satyr, keen and critical;
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.*

Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?

That is hot Ice, and wonderous strange Snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philosf. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long;

Which is as brief, as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is:

For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

Thesf. What are they, that do play it?

Philosf. Hard-handed men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against your nuptials.

Thesf. And we will hear it.

Philosf. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

Thesf. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,

When

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 129

When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in, and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit. Phil.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

Thes. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

Thes. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poor (willing) duty cannot do, (23)
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale;
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your Grace, the prologue is address'd.

Thes. Let him approach. [*Flor. Trum.*]

Enter Quince, for the prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

(23) *And what poor duty cannot do, noble Respect*

Takes it in Might, not Merit.] What Ears have these poetical
Editors, to palm this first Line upon us as a Verse of *Shakespeare*?
'Tis certain, an Epithet had slip't out, and I have ventur'd to re-
store (such a one as the Sense may dispense with; and which makes
the two Verses flowing and perfect.

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Consider then, we come but in despight.

We do not come, as minding to content you, (24)
Our true intent is.—all for your delight,

We are not here.—that you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand;— and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thes. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he
knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord. It is not
enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a child
on the recorder; a sound, but not in government.

Thes. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is the next?

*Enter Pyramus, and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and
Lion, as in dumb shew.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;

This beauteous lady *Thisby* is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, the vile wall, which did these lovers sunder:
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moon-shine: For, if you will know,

(24) *We do not come as minding to content you,*

Our true Intent is all for your Delight,

We are not here that you should here repent you,

The Actors are at hand; &c.] Thus the late accurate Editor, deviating from all the Old Copies, has, by a certain peculiar Fatality, pointed this Passage. The whole Glee and Humour of the Prologue is in the Actor's making false Rests, and so turning every Member of the Sentences into flagrant Nonsense. And Mr. Pope seems very cruel to our Author, (considering, how many Passages, which should have been pointed *right*, he has pointed *wrong*;) that here, when he should point *wrong*, with a strange Perverseness, and unusual Appetite for Sense, he will point *right*.

By

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 131

By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at *Ninus'* tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which by name *Lion* hight, (25)
The trusty *Thisbe*, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And as she fled, her mantle she let fall;

Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty *Thisbe's* mantle slain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.
And *Thisbe*, tarrying in the mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let *Lion*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

Thisbe. I wonder, if the *Lion* be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one *Lion* may, when
many asses do.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snout* by name, present a *Wall*: (26)
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
Through which the lovers, *Py'r'mus* and *Thisbe*,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

(25) ———— which *Lion* hight by name.] As all the other
Parts of this Speech are in alternate Rhyme, excepting that it closes
with a *Complex*; and as no Rhyme is left to, name; we must con-
clude, either a Verse is slip't out, which cannot now be retriev'd:
or, by a Transposition of the Words, as I have placed them, the
Poet intended a *Triplet*.

(26) That I, one *Flute* by name,] Thus Mr. *Pope* gives it us,
either from the old *Quarto's*, or by Accident. But Accident, or
Authority, happens to be wrong in it: and we must restore,
Snout, with the old *Folio's*; for it appears in the first Act, that
Flute was to perform *Thisbe*.

Thisbe.

132 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Thes. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Thes. *Pyramus* draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!

O night which ever art, when day is not!

O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

I fear, my *Thisbe's* promise is forgot.

And thou, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

That stands between her father's ground and mine;

Thou wall, O Wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.

Thanks, courteous wall; *Jove* shield thee well for this!

But what see I? no *Thisbe* do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no blifs;

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

Thes. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is *Thisbe's* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink;

To spy, an I can hear my *Thisbe's* face.

Thisbe!

This. My love! thou art, my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.

And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

This. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 133

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny's* tomb meet me straightway?

Thes. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall* my part discharged so:

And, being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [Exit:

Thes. Now is the Mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

Thes. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Thes. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in a moon and a lion. (27)

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one *Snug* the joiner, am

No Lion fell, nor else no Lion's dam:

For if I should as Lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

Thes. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This Lion is a very fox for his valour.

Thes. True; and a goose for his discretion.

(27) Here come two noble Beasts in a Man and a Lion.] I don't think the Jest here is either compleat, or right. It is differently pointed in several of the Old Copies, which, I suspect, may lead us to the true Reading, viz.

Here come two noble Beasts, — in a Man and a Lion.
immediately upon *Thesew's* saying this, enter *Lion* and *Moonshine*.
It seems very probable therefore, that our Author wrote

— in a Moon and a Lion.
the one having a *Crescent* and a *Lanthorn* before him, and representing the *Man* in the *Moon*; the other in a *Lion's* hide.

Dem.

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Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

Thes. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well; leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present:

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

Thes. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned Moon present: My self the man i'th' moon doth seem to be.

Thes. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the man i'th' moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon; 'would, he would change!

Thes. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, *Moon*.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes *Thisbe*.

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old *Ninny's* tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh. — [The Lion roars, *Thisbe* runs off.]

Dem. Well roar'd, *Lion*.

Thes. Well run *Thisbe*.

Hip. Well shone, *Moon*.

Truly, the *Moon* shines with a good grace.

Thes. Well mouz'd, *Lion*.

Dem. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lys. And so the *Lion* vanish'd.

Enter

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy funny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbe's* sight.

But stay: O spight!

But mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes, do you see!

How can it be!

O dainty duck! O deer!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, you furies fell:

O fates! come, come:

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

Thisb. This passion, and the death of a dear friend
Would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, nature, didst thou Lions frame?

Since Lion vile hath here devour'd my dear:

Which is——no, no——which was the fairest dame,

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheer.

Come tears, confound: out sword, and wound

The pap of *Pyramus*.

Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop:

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soul is in the sky;

Tongue, lose thy light: moon, take thy flight;

Now die; die, die, die, die.

[Dies.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is
nothing.

Thisb. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an afs.

Hip. How chance the *Moonshine* is gone, before *Thisbe*
comes back and finds her lover?

Enter

*Enter Thisbe.**Thisb.* She will find him by star-light.

Here she comes; and her passion ends the Play.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a *Pyramus*: I hope, she will be brief.*Dem.* A moth will turn the ballance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisbe*, is the better.*Lys.* She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.*Dem.* And thus she moans, *widelicet*.——(28)*Thisb.* Asleep, my love?

What dead, my dove?

O *Pyramus*, arise:

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? a tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lilly brows, (29)

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers, make moan!

His eyes were green as leeks.

O sisters three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lave them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of filk.

(28) *And thus she means——*] Thus all the Editions have it, I think, without any *Meaning*. It should be, thus she moans; i. e. laments over her dead *Pyramus*. It is said a little above, *And her Passion ends the Play*.

(29) *These lilly Lips, this cherry Nose,*] All *Thisbe's* Lamentation, till now, runs in regular Rhyme and Metre. But Both, by some Accident, are in this single Instance interrupted. I suspect the Poet wrote;

*These lilly Brows,**This cherry Nose,*

Now black Brows being a Beauty, lilly Brows are as ridiculous as a cherry Nose, green Eyes, or cowslip Cheeks,

Tongue

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Tongue, not a word :
Come, trusty sword ;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue :
And farewell, friends,
Thus *Thisbe* ends ;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[*Dies.*

Thef. *Moonshine* and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance, between two of our company ?

Thef. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he, that writ it, had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himself in *Thisbe's* garter it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your bergomask ; let your Epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost *Fairy* time.

I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have over-watch'd.

This palpable gross Play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revel and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf howls the moon : (30)

Whilst the heavy ploughman snoars,

All with weary task fore-done.

Now

(30) *And the Wolf beholds the moon :*] As 'tis the Design of these Lines to characterize the Animals, as they present themselves at the Hour of Midnight ; and as the Wolf is not justly characteriz'd by saying he *beholds* the Moon ; which all other Beasts of Prey, then awake, do : and as the Sounds these Animals make at
that

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Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his spright,
 In the church-way paths to glide,
 And we *Fairies*, that do run

By the triple *Hecate's* team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolick; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent with broom before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.

Ob. Through this house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsie fire,
 Every elf, and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier;
 And this ditty after me
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Queen. First rehearse this song by roat,
 To each word a warbling note.
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing and bless this place.

The S O N G.

*Now until the break of day,
 Through this house each Fairy stray.
 To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be:*

that Season, seem also intended to be represented; I make no
 Question but the Poet wrote;

And the Wolfe behowls the Moon.

For so the Wolf is exactly characteriz'd, it being his peculiar
 Property to howl at the Moon. (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *bessem*, and
 an hundred others.)

Mr. Warburton.

And

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 139

*And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate ;
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be :
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hair-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace.
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended ;
That you have but slumbred here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theam
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend ;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honest *Puck*,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long ;
Else the *Puck* a liar call :
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends ;
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

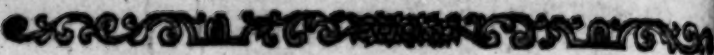
[*Exeunt omnes.*]





THE TWO
GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.





Dramatis Personæ.

D U K E of Milan, *Father to Silvia.*

Valentine, }
Protheus, } *the two Gentlemen.*

Anthonio, *Father to Protheus.*

Thurio, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

Eglamore, *Agent for Silvia in her Escape.*

Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*

Out-laws.

Speed, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

Launce, *the like to Protheus.*

Panthion, *Servant to Anthonio.*

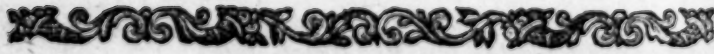
Julia, *a Lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*

Silvia, *the Duke of Milan's Daughter, beloved of Valentine.*

Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

The SCENE, sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the Frontiers of Mantua.



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Vol: 1. P. 141.

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THE
TWO GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.

A C T. I.

SCENE, *An open Place in Verona.*

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

VALENTINE.

GEASE to persuade, my loving *Protheus* ;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely
wits ;
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad ;
Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein ;
Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.
Pro. Wilt thou be gone ? sweet *Valentine*, adieu ;
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, see'st

Some

144 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel :
 With me partaker in thy happiness,
 When thou dost meet good hap ; and in thy danger,
 If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy Grievance to my holy prayer ;
 For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
 How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love ;
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true ; for you are over boots in love,
 And yet you never swom the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Over the boots ? nay, give me not the boots. (1)

Val. No, I will not ; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What ?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans ;
 Coy looks, with heart-fore sighs ; one fading moment's
 mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.

If haply won, perhaps, an hapless gain :

If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;

However, but a folly bought with wit ;

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at ; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master ; for he masters you.

And he that is so yoaked by a fool,
 Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
 The eating canker dwells ; so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud

(1) nay, give me not the Boots.] A proverbial Expression, tho'
 now disus'd, signifying, don't make a laughing Stock of me ;
 don't play upon me. The French have a Phrase, *Bailler sein*
en Corne ; which *Coigrave* thus interprets, To give one the Boots ;
 to sell him a Bargain.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. 145

Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow ;
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud ;
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire ?

Once more, adieu : my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no : now let us take our leave.

At *Milan*, let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love ; and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend :

And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in *Milan* !

Val. As much to you at home ; and so, farewell ! [*Exit*.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love ;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, save you ; saw you my master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence, t'imbark for *Milan*.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep ?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I
wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True ; and thy master a shepherd.

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H

Speed.

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Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me; therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the shepherd for the food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baâ*.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to *Julia*?

Speed. Ay, Sir, I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton (2), and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray (3), 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

(2) *I, a lost Mutton, gave your Letter to her, a lac'd Mutton;*] *Launce* calls himself a *lost Mutton*, because he had lost his Master, and because *Protheus* had been proving him a *Sheep*. But why does he call the Lady a *lac'd Mutton*? Your notable *Wenchers* are to this Day call'd *Mutton-mongers*: and consequently the Object of their Passion must, by the Metaphor, be the *Mutton*. And *Cotgrave*, in his *English-French Dictionary*, explains *Lac'd Mutton*, *Une Garce, putain, fille de Joye*. And Mr. *Motteux* has render'd this Passage of *Rabelais*, in the Prologue of his fourth Book, *Cailles coiffées mignonnement chantant*, in this manner; *Coated Quails and laced Mutton waggishly singing*. So that *lac'd Mutton* has been a sort of Standard Phrase for Girls of Pleasure.

(3) *Nay, in that you are astray.*] For the Reason *Protheus* gives, Dr. *Thirlby* advises that We should read, a *Stray*, i. e. a stray Sheep; which continues *Protheus*'s Banter upon *Speed*.

Pro.

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Pro. But what said she : did she nod ? [Speed nods.

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I ? why, that's noddly.

Speed. You mistook, Sir : I said, she did nod :
And you ask me, if she did nod ; and I said, I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddly.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together,
take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with
you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me ?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly ;
Having nothing but the word noddly for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief : what
said she ?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the mat-
ter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains ; what said she ?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why ? could'st thou perceive so much from her ?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her ;
No, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter.

And being so hard to me that brought your mind,
I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind.

Give her no token but stones ; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing ?

Speed. No, not so much as—take this for thy pains :
To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me :
In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter your-
self : and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

I must go send some better messenger :

I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt severally.*

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SCENE changes to Julia's Chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. BUT say, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names; I'll shew my mind,
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour*?

Luc. As of a Knight well spoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. The fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*; say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc.

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Luc. Sir *Valentine's* page ; and sent, I think, from
Protheus.

He would have giv'n it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it ; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker !

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines ?

To whisper and conspire against my youth ?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth ;

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper ; see, it be return'd ;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone ?

Luc. That you may ruminate.

[*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would, I had o'er-look'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view ?

Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that

Which they would have the proff'rer construe, *Aj.*

Fie, fie ; how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod ?

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly I would have had her here !

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile !

My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,

And ask remission for my folly past.

What ho ! *Lucetta* !

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship ?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time ?

Luc. I would it were ;

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,

And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you

Took up so gingerly ?

H 3

Luc.

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Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lye for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lye, where it concerns;
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burthen then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:

How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam, 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too sawcy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat.

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
'There wanteth but a mean, to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for *Protheus*. (4)

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [Tears it.

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

(4) *I bid the Base for Protheus.* *Lucetta* here alters the Allegory from the *Base in Musick* to a Country Exercise, call'd in the North, *Bid-the-Base*; in which Some pursue, to take the Others Prisoners. So that *Lucetta* would intend to say, "Indeed, I take Pains to make you a Captive for *Proteus*."

Mr. Warburton.

Luc.

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Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends:
Look, here is writ *kind Julia*;—Unkind *Julia*?
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones;
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sov'reign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down;
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: That some whirl-wind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one Line is his name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, passionate Protheus,
To the sweet Julia: that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lye like tell-tales here?

Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see:
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [Exit.]

H 4

SCENE

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SCENE, *Anthonio's House.*

Enter Anthonio and Panthion.

Ant. TELL me, *Panthion*, what sad talk was that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out: (5)
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover Islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus* your son was meet:
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,

(5) *Put forth their Sons*] In *Shakespeare's* Time, Voyages for the Discovery of the *West-Indies* were all in Vogue. And we find, in the Journals of Travellers of that Time, that the Sons of Noblemen, and of others of the best Quality in *England*, went commonly on those Adventures. To which prevailing Fashion, 'tis evident, the Poet frequently alludes in this Play; not without high Commendations of it. *Mr. Warburton.*

Attends

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Attends the Emperor in his royal court. (6)

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither;

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Ev'n with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor;
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go.
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
Oh heav'nly *Julia*!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two

(6) *Attends the Emperor in his Royal Court.*] The Emperor's Royal Court is properly at *Vienna*, but *Valentine*, 'tis plain, is at *Milan*; where, in most other Passages, 'tis said he is attending the Duke, who makes one of the Characters in the *Drama*. This seems to convict the Author of a Forgetfulness and Contradiction; but, perhaps, it may be solved thus, and *Milan* be call'd the Emperor's Court; as, since the Reign of *Charlemagne*, this Dukedom and its Territories have belong'd to the Emperors. I wish, I could as easily solve another Absurdity, which encounters us; of *Valentine's* going from *Verona* to *Milan*, both Inland Places, by Sea.

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Of commendation sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one-relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Mute not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentino* in the Emp'r's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me:
To-morrow be in readiness to go.
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please to deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, *Panthion*; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exe. Ant. and Pant.*]

Pro. Thus have I shun'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father *Julia's* letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth (7)

'Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Enter

(7) *Oh, how this Spring of Love resembleth well*] This Monosyllable was foisted in by Mr. Pope, to support, as he thought, the Versification in the Close. But it was done for want of observing *Shakespeare's* Licences in his *Measure*: which 'tis proper,

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Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you ;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is ! my heart accords thereto :
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

S C E N E *changes to Milan.*

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

S P E E D.

S I R, your glove——

Val. Not mine ; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is
but one.

Val. Ha ! let me see : ay, give it me, it's mine :
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine !

Ah Silvia ! Silvia !

Speed. Madam *Silvia* ! Madam *Silvia* !

Val. How now, Sirrah ?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who bad you call her ?

Speed. Your worship, Sir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, Sir ; tell me, do you know Madam *Silvia* ?

Speed. She, that your worship loves ?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love ?

proper, once for all, to take notice of. *Resembleth*, he design'd here should in Pronunciation make four Syllables ; as *Witnesse*, afterwards in this Play, and as *Fidler*, (in the *Taming a Shrew*) and *Angry*, (twice in *Timon of Athens*) are made *Tri-syllables* ; and as *Fire* and *Hour* are almost for ever protracted by him to two Syllables.

Speed.

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Speed. Marry, by these special marks; first, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a *Robin-red-breast*; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.*; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandmother; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at *Hallowmas*. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were so simple, none else would: But you are so without these Follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady *Silvia*?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? ev'n she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite,
But her Favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed.

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Speed. Marry, Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever since I saw her;
And still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: For he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she injoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed.

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Speed. Oh! 'give ye good ev'n; here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret, nameless, friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant; 'tis very clerklly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance, you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam, so it speed you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet ———

Sil. A pretty period; well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aside.*]

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over;
And if it please you, so; if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a
steeple!

My

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My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor :
O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better ?
That my master, being the scribe, to himself should write
the letter ?

Val. How now, Sir, what are you reasoning with
yourself ?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming ; 'tis you that have the
reason.

Val. To do what ?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom ?

Speed. To yourself ; why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure ?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me ?

Speed. What need she,
When she hath made you write to yourself ?
Why, do you not perceive the jest ?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, Sir : but did you
perceive her earnest ?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there's
an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well :

“ For often have you writ to her, and she in modesty,
“ Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply ;
“ Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind
“ discover,
“ Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto
“ her lover.

All this I speak in print ; for in print I found it. —

Why muse you, Sir ? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir ; tho' the *Camelion* love
can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my
victuals,

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victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Julia's House at Verona.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. HAVE patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner: Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Giving a ring.]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake;

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!

My father stays my coming; answer not:

The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;

That tide will stay me longer, than I should: [Exit Julia.]

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir Protheus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to a Street.

Enter Launce, with his dog Crab.

Laun. NAY, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault; I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Protheus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the fowrest-

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slowest-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear! he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a *Jew* would have wept, to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: this shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole; this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand; this hat is *Nan*, our maid; I am the dog; no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog: oh, the dog is me, and I am my self; ay, so, so; now come I to my father; father, your blessing; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on; now come I to my mother; oh that she could speak now (8) like a wood woman! well, I kiss her; why there 'tis? here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister: mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see, how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars: what's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? away, ass, you will lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

(8) *Like an ould Woman!*] These mere poetical Editors can do Nothing towards an Emendation, even when 'tis chalk'd out to their hands. The first *Folio's*, agree in *would-woman*; for which, because it was a Mystery to Mr. *Pope*, he has unmeaningly substituted *ould Woman*. But it must be writ, or at least understood, *wood Woman*, i. e. crazy, frantick with Grief; or, distracted, from any other Cause. The Word is very frequently used in *Chaucer*; and sometimes writ, *wood*, sometimes, *wode*.

Laun.

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Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost, for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service,—— why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?——

Laun. Lose the flood, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide? why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Milan.*

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. **S**ervant,——

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you:

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val.

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Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of *Cameleon*.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end, ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis, indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Your self, sweet lady, for you gave the fire: Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val.

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Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Anthonio*, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation;
And, not without desert, so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as my self; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And tho' my self have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth,
Come all the praises, that I now bestow;)—
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, Sir, but if he makes this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counsellor.
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while.
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir *Thurio*;

For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:

I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lockt in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val.

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Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them pris'ners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thur. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as your self:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus*: mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he, you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant,
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but your self.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would speak with
you. (9)

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure: [*Exit Serv.*] Come,
Sir *Thurio*,

Go with me. Once more, my new servant, welcome:

(9) *Thur.* *Madam, my Lord your Father.*] This Speech in all the Editions is assign'd improperly to *Thurio*; but he has been all along upon the Stage, and could not know that the Duke wanted his Daughter. Besides, the first Line and half of *Silvia's* Answer is evidently address'd to two Persons. A Servant, therefore, must come in and deliver the Message; and then *Silvia* goes out with *Thurio*.

I'll

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I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Ex. Sil. and Thu.*

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you?
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans;
With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no wo to his correction;
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol, that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heav'nly faint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val.

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Val. Sweet, except not any ;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too :

She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss ;
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower ;
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadism is this ?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus* ; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing ;
She is alone——

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world : why, man, she is mine own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after ;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you ?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd ; nay more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of ; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords ; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before ; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use ;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste ?

Pro. I will.

[*Exit Val.*
Ev'n

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Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
 So the remembrance of my former love
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
 Is it mine Eye, or *Valentino's Praise*, (10)
 Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
 That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
 She's fair; and so is *Julia*, that I love;
 That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
 Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.
 Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold;
 And that I love him not, as I was wont.
 O! but I love his lady too, too, much;
 And that's the reason, I love him so little.
 How shall I doat on her with more advice,
 That thus without advice begin to love her?
 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
 And that hath dazled so my reason's light:
 But when I look on her perfections,
 There is no reason, but I shall be blind.
 If I can check my erring love, I will;
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

(10) *Is it mine then, or Valentino's Praise,*] This supplemental Word, then, was first clapt in by Mr. Rowe to help the lab'ring Verse, and since embrac'd by Mr. Pope. But let us see, what Sense results from it. What! is *Proteus* questioning with himself, whether it is his own Praise, or *Valentine's*, that makes him fall in Love? But *Proteus* had not prais'd *Silvia* any farther than giving his Opinion of her in three Words, when his Friend demanded it. In all the old Editions, we find it thus;

Is it mine, or Valentino's Praise.

The Verse halts so, that some one Syllable must be wanting; and that Mr. Warburton has very ingeniously, and, as I think, with Certainty supply'd, as I have restor'd in the Text. *Proteus* had just seen *Valentine's* Mistress; *Valentine* had prais'd her so lavishly, that the Description heighten'd *Proteus's* Sentiments of her from the Interview; so that it was the less Wonder that he should not know certainly, at first, which made the strongest Impression, *Valentine's* Praises, or his own View of the Original.

SCENE

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S C E N E *changes to a Street.*

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. **L**AUNCE, by mine honesty, welcome to
† *Milan.*

Laun. Forswear not thy self, sweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale house with you presently, where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy master part with madam *Julia*?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too? look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under, and understand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

† ——— *It is Padua in the former editions. See the note on*
Act 3.

VOL. I.

I

Mr. Pope,
Laun.

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Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well, that I get it so; but *Launce*, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himself in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a *Christian*.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-house with a *Christian*: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair *Silvia*, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn:
And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love! if thou hast sinn'd,
'Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
'To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose Sov'reignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love, where I should love:
Julia I lose, and *Valentine* I lose:

If

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If I keep them, I needs must lose my self:
If I lose them, this find I by their loss,
For *Valentine*, my self; for *Julia*, *Silvia*.——
I to my self am dearer than a friend;
For love is still most precious in its self:
And *Silvia*, (witness heav'n, that made her fair!)
Shews *Julia* but a swarthy *Ethiope*.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead:
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to my self,
Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine*:
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial *Silvia*'s chamber-window;
My self in counsel his competitor.
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish *Valentine*:
For *Thurio*, he intends, shall wed his daughter.
But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.

SCENE changes to *Julia's House in Verona.*

Enter *Julia* and *Lucetta*.

Jul. COUNSEL, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, assist me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;

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And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear, 'till *Protheus* make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
food?

Pity the dearth, that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
'Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualifie the fire's extream rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it
burns:

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
'Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with th' enamel'd stones;
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
'Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in *Elysium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in filken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love-knots:
To be fantastick, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, Madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul.

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Jul. That fits as well, as——“ tell me, good my lord,

“ What compass will you wear your farthingale?

Why, even what fashion thou best like'st, *Lucetta*.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, Madam.

Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta*! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, Madam, now's not worth a pin, Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me, let me have What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:

But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me For undertaking so unsta'd a journey?

I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.

If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come, No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone: I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, *Lucetta*, of my fear: A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears, And instances as infinite of love;

Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect! But truer stars did govern *Protheus*' birth; His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles; His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate; His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart; His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong, To bear a hard opinion of his truth; Only deserve my love, by loving him; And presently go with me to my chamber, To take a note, of what I stand in need of, To furnish me upon my longing journey. All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

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My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come, answer not; but do it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T III.

SCENE, *the Duke's Palace, in Milan.*

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

D U K E.

SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thur.*]
Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which, else, no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
My self am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates:
And should she thus be stoll'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
If unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs my self have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;

And

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And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court :
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd ;)
I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find
That which thy self hast now disclos'd to me.
And that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently :
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discov'ry be not aimed at ;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord : Sir *Valentine* is coming.

[*Exit Pro.*]

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The Tenour of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter ; stay with me a while ;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near ; wherein thou must be secret.

'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match

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Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower:
For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, † Sir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,)
How, and which way, I may bestow my self,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present, that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her;
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:

† Sir, in *Milan* here. It ought to be thus, instead of ——— in
Verona here ——— for the Scene apparently is in *Milan*, as is clear
from several passages in the first Act, and in the beginning of the first
Scene of the fourth Act. A like mistake has crept into the eighth
Scene of Act II. where Speed bids his fellow-servant Launce,
welcome to *Padua*. *Mr. Pope.*

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If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, get you gone, she doth not mean away:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends,
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her Window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another *Hero's* tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, Sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven a clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

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What letter is this same? what's here? To *Silvia*?
 And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
 I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Duke reads.
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying:
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my self do want my servants' fortune;
I curse my self, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour, where their lord would be.
 What's here? *Silvia*, this night will I enfranchise thee:
 'Tis so, and here's the ladder for the purpose.
 Why, *Phaëton*, for thou art *Merops'* son,
 Wilt thou aspire to guide the heav'nly car,
 And with thy daring folly burn the world?
 Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
 Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
 And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
 Is privilege for thy departure hence:
 Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
 Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
 But if thou linger in my territories,
 Longer than swiftest expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
 By heav'n, my wrath shall far exceed the love,
 I ever bore my daughter or thy self:
 Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
 But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [Exit.
Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
 To die, is to be banish'd from my self:
 And *Silvia* is my self; banish'd from her,
 Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
 What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
 What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
 Unless it be to think, that she is by;
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except

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Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale;
Unless I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive;
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!——

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:

There's not an hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*,——

Val. No.

Pro. Who then; his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing; I pray you,—

Pro. I say, forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news;
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine;
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for sacred *Silvia*?
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me?
What is your news?

Laun.

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Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd ; oh, that is the news, From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already ; And now excess of it will make me surfeit. Doth *Silvia* know that I am banished ?

Pro. Ay, ay ; and she hath offer'd to the doom, Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force, A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears : Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd, With them, upon her knees, her humble self ; Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them, As if but now they waxed pale for wo. But neither bended knees, pure hands held up, Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire ; But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, must die. Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so, When she for thy repeal was suppliant, That to close prison he commanded her, With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more ; unless the next word, that thou speak'st, Have some malignant power upon my life : If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear, As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help, And study help for that which thou lament'st. Time is the nurse and breeder of all good : Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ; Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life. Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that ; And manage it against despairing thoughts. Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence, Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd. Ev'n in the milk-white bosom of thy love. The time now serves not to expostulate ; Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate ; And, ere I part with thee, confer at large Of all that may concern thy love-affairs :

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As thou lov'st *Silvia*, tho' not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, an' if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, Sirrah, find him out : come, *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia* ! hapless *Valentine* !

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*]

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave : but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love ; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman ; but what woman I will not tell myself, and yet 'tis a milk-maid ; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips ; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages : she hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions ; *Imprimis*, she can fetch and carry ; why, a horse can do no more ; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore she is better than a jade. *Dem.*, she can milk ; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signior *Launce* ? what news with your mastership ?

Laun. With my master's ship ? why, it is at sea. (11)

Speed. Well, your old vice still ; mistake the word : what news then in your paper ?

(11) *With my Mastership ? why, it is at Sea.*] These Poetical Editors are pleasant Gentlemen to let this pass without any Suspicion. For how does *Launce* mistake the Word ? *Speed* asks him about his Mastership, and he replies to it *litteratim*. But then how was his Mastership at Sea, and on Shore too ? The Addition of a Letter and a Note of *Apostrophe* make *Launce* both mistake the Word, and sets the Pun right : It restores, indeed, but a mean Joke ; but, without it, there is no Sense in the Passage. Besides, it is in Character with the rest of the Scene ; and, I dare be confident, the Poet's own Conceit.

Laun.

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Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head, thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou lyest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the son of thy grand-mother; this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and St. *Nicholas* be thy speed!

Speed. *Imprimis*, she can milk.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. *Item*, she brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. *Item*, she can sowe.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Can she so?*

Speed. *Item*, she can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock!

Speed. *Item*, she can wash and scour.

Laun. A special virtue, for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. *Item*, she can spin.

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. *Item*, she hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Bastard Virtues*; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. *Item*, she is not to be kist fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Speed. *Item*, she hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed.

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Speed. Item, she doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, she is slow in words.

Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices! to be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, she is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was *Eve's* legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, she hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, she is curst.

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, she will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, she is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down, she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut; now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, she hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop here; I'll have her; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, she hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit, it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous: oh, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible —

Speed.

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Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. — I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that she will love you, Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot.

Enter Proteus.

How now, Sir *Proteus*? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not so.

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace, Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke.

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Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent :
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it :
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do ;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman ;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him ;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not, that she will love Sir *Thurio*.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Left it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me :
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir *Valentine*.

Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on *Valentine's* report,
You are already love's firm votary ;
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, shall you have access,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large :

For

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For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect,
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poesie.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For *Orpheus'* lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forsoke unfounded deeps, to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews, thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in musick;
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, 'till after supper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*]

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A C T IV.

SCENE, *A Forest, leading towards Mantua.*

Enter certain Out-laws.

I OUT-LAW.

FELLOWS, stand fast : I see a passenger.

2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 Out. Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have about you ; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone ; these are the villains, that all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends, ———

1 Out. That's not so, Sir ; we are your enemies.

2 Out. Peace ; we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we ; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose :
A man I am, cross'd with adversity ;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you ?

Val. To Verona.

1 Out. Whence came you ?

Val. From Milan.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there ?

Val. Some sixteen months ; and longer might have
staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence ?

Val. I was.

2 Out.

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2 *Out.* For what offence ?

Val. For that, which now torments me to rehearse :
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues ?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of *Robin Hood's* fat friar,
This fellow were a King for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them : it's an honourable
kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this ; have you any thing to take to ?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men ;
Myself was from *Verona* banish'd,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the Duke. (12)

2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But, to the purpose ; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives ;
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape, and by your own report

(12) *An Heir and Neice ally'd unto the Duke.*] Thus all the
Impressions, from the first downwards. But our Poet would
never have express'd himself so stupidly, as to tell us, this
Lady was the Duke's *Neice*, and ally'd to him : For her Alli-
ance was, certainly, sufficiently included in the first Term.
Our Author meant to say, she was an *Heiress*, and near ally'd
to the Duke : an Expression the most natural that can be for
the Purpose, and very frequently used by the Stage-Poets.

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A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want ; ———

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you ;
Are you content to be our General ?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderiness ?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our con-
sort ?

Say, ay ; and be the captain of us all :
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee ;
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesie, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you ;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews.
And shew thee all the treasure we have got ;
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to an open Place, under Silvia's
Apartment, in Milan.*

Enter Protheus.

Pro. **A**lready I've been false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer :
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falshood to my friend ;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.

And,

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And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes *Thurio*: now must we to her window,
And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you, for your own: now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, and Julia in boy's cloaths.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks, you're ally-
cholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, - because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you
where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman that
you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be musick.

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heav'n such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

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*Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness:
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Hof. How now? are you sadder than you were before?
how do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Hof. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Hof. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my
very heart-strings.

Hof. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a
slow heart.

Hof. I perceive, you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Hof. Hark, what fine change is in the musick.

Jul. Ay; that change is the spight.

Hof. You would have them always play but one
thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, *hof.* doth this *Sir Proteus*, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Hof. I tell you what *Launce*, his man, told me, he
lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce*?

Hof. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by
his master's command, he must carry for a present to
his lady.

Jul. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. *Sir Thurio*, fear not you; I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu.

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Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. *Gregory's* well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thurio and Musick.*]

Silvia above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen:

Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale queen of night, I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And, by and by, intend to chide myself,

Ev'n for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betroath'd; and art thou not ashamed

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul.

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Jul. [*aside*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber :
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep :
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure,
deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I'm very loath to be your idol, Sir ;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes ;
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it :
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* Protheus and Silvia.]

Jul. Host, will you go ?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus* ?

Host. Marry, at my house : trust me, I think, 'tis
almost day.

Jul. Not so ; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her mind :
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam !

Silvia above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls ?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend ;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself :
According to your ladyship's impose,

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I am

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I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not)
Valiant and wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to *Valentine*,
To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company;
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence;
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which, since, I know, they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar *Patrick's* cell;
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil.

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Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [Exeunt.

Enter Launce with his Dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppey, one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him, as a present to mistress *Silvia* from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had no more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't; you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. Out with the dog, says one; what cur is that? says another; whip him out, says the third; hang him up, says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was *Crab*, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for the puddings he hath stoll'n, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for the geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when I took my leave of Madam *Silvia*; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

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Enter

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Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. *Sebastian* is thy name? I like thee well;
And will imploy thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt — How now, you whoreson
peasant,

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd mistress *Silvia* the dog,
you bad me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and
tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a
present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought
him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other squirrel was stol'n from me
by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and then I
offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of
yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight:

Away, I say; stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.

Exit Launce.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth;
That can with some discretion do my business:
(For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt:)
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro.

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Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'st thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady *Silvia*:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;

You doat on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;

And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal

This letter; that's her chamber: tell my lady,

I claim the promise for her heav'nly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit Protheus.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him:

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will.

And now I am, unhappy messenger,

To plead for that, which I would not obtain;

To carry that, which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love,

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,

As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day; I pray you, be my mean

To bring me where to speak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

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Jul. If you be she, I do intreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, Madam.

Sil. *Ursula*, bring my picture there.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, may't please you to peruse this letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold;

I will not look upon your master's lines;
I know, they're stufft with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his false finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his *Julia* so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well, as I do know myself.
To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that *Protheus* hath forsook her.

Jul. I think, she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is:
When she did think, my master lov'd her well,

She,

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She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away ;
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she ?

Jul. About my stature : for at *Pentecost*,
When all our pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia's* gown ;
Which served me as fit, by all mens judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me ;
Therefore, I know, she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part.

Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theseus'* perjury and unjust flight ;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left !
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewel.

[*Exit Silvia.*]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know
her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope, my master's suit will be but cold ;
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas ! how love can trifle with itself !
Here is her picture ; let me see ; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers :
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.

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If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd perriwig.
 Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine;
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
 What should it be, that he respects in her,
 But I can make respect in myself,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god?
 Come, shadow, come; and take this shadow up;
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd;
 And were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so; or else, by *Jove* I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.



A C T V.

SCENE, *near the Friar's Cell, in Milan.*

Enter Eglamour.

EGLAMOUR.

THE sun begins to gild the western sky,
 And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar *Patrick's* cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time:
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See, where she comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good *Eglamour*,
 Out at the postern by the abby-wall;
 I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues off;
 If we recover that, we're sure enough. [Exeunt.

SCENE

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SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.

Thu. **S**IR *Protheus*, what says *Silvia* to my suit?

Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,

"Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes:
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should own them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus*? how now, *Thurio*?
Which of you saw Sir *Eglamour* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

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Duke.

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Duke. Saw you my daughter ?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then

She's fled unto that peasant *Valentine*;

And *Eglamour* is in her company.

'Tis true ; for Friar *Laurence* met them both ;

As he in penance wander'd through the forest :

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she ;

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides, she did intend confession

At *Patrick's* cell this Ev'n, and there she was not :

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot

That leads tow'rs *Mantua*, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. *Exit Duke.*

Tbu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune where it follows her :

I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,

Than for the love of reckless *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* love,

Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,

Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Forest.*

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

Out. COME, come, be patient ; we must bring you
to our Captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances, than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2. *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1. *Out.* Where is the gentleman, that was with her ?

3. *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us ;
But *Moyse* and *Valerius* follow him.

Go thou with her to th'west end of the wood,

There is our captain : follow him, that's fled.

The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1. *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave,

Fear

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Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine*! this I endure for thee. [Exit.

SCENE, *the Out-laws' Cave in the Forest.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. **H**OW use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns,
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
What hallo'ing, and what stir, is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*: who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you.
(Tho' you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look:
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [Aside.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

[Aside.
Sil.

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Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me.
Oh, heav'n be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're lov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's lov'd.
Read over *Julia's* heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a soldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love; force you.

Sil. Oh heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!——

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
For such is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? *Protheus*,

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I'm sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. Oh time, most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy!

[Swoons.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! how now? what's the matter? look
up; speak.

Jul. O good Sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a
ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect, was
never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see:

This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, Sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. How cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart, I
gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* herself did give it me.
And *Julia* herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia*?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest rayment: if shame live

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In a disguise of love. ———
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true; oh heav'n! were
man

But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spy
More fresh in *Julia's* with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;

'Twere pity, two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heav'n, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
The banish'd *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio*, give back; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath.

Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again, ———
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands, (13)

Take but possession of her with a touch;

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love, ———

Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

(13) *Verona shall not hold thee.*] Thus all the Editions, but, whether thro' the Mistake of the first Editors, or the Poet's own Carelessness, this Reading is absurdly faulty. For the Threat here is to *Thurio*, who is a *Milanese*; and has no Concerns, as it appears, with *Verona*. Besides, the Scene is betwixt the Confines of *Milan*, and *Mantua*, to which *Silvia* follows *Valentine*, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon these Circumstances, I ventur'd to adjust the Text, as, I imagine, the Poet must have intended: i.e. *Milan*, thy Country, shall never see thee again: thou shalt never live to go back thither.

His

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. 207

His body for a girl that loves him not.
I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love :
Know then, I here forget all former griefs ;
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe : Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd ;
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace ; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities :
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee ;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go ; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this Page, my lord ?

Duke. I think, the boy hath grace in him ; he blushes.

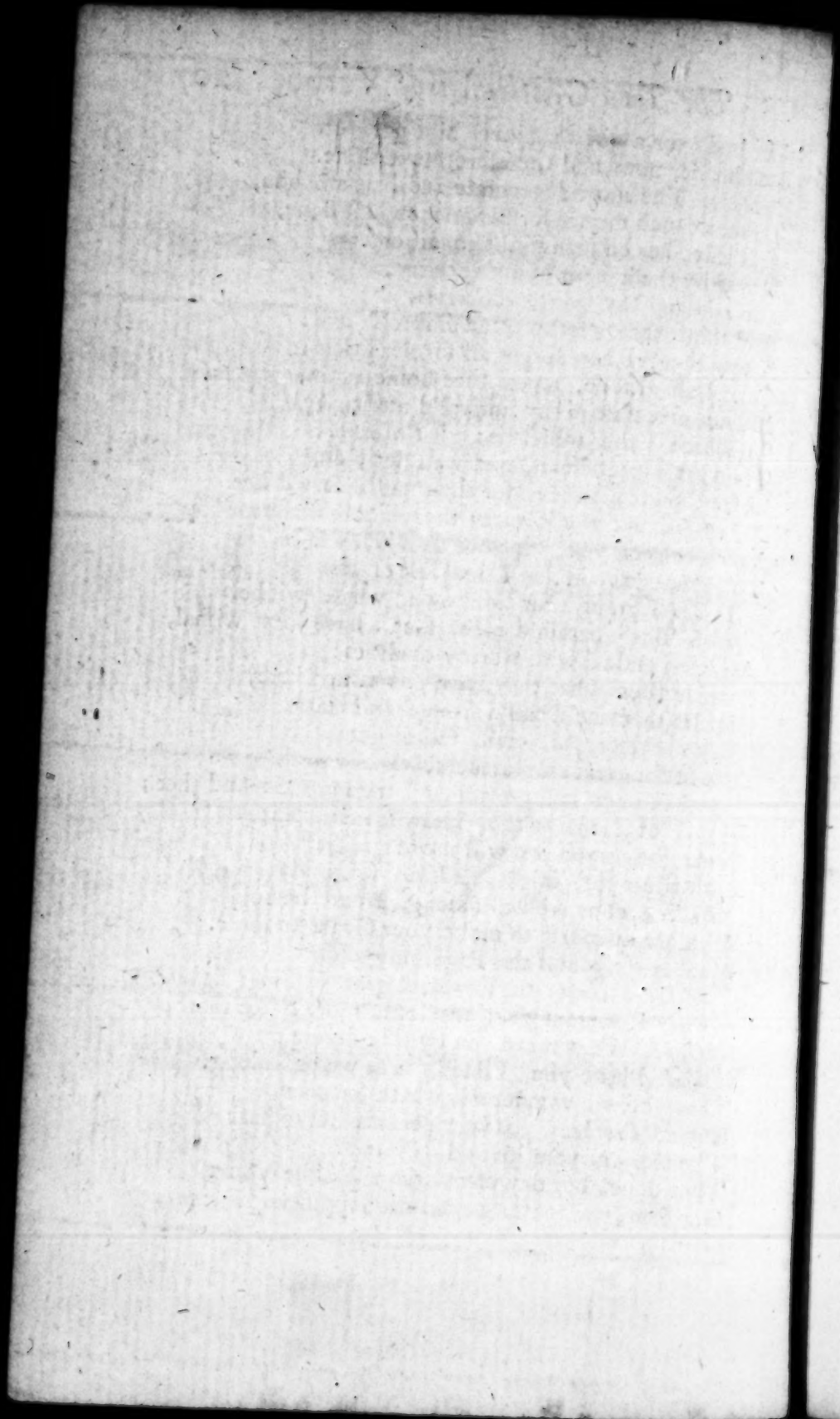
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.

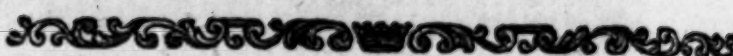
Come, *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered :
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt omnes.*

T H E



Dramatis Personae.

THE
MERRY WIVES
OF
WINDSOR.



Dramatis Personæ.

S I R John Falstaff.

Fenton, *a young Gentleman of small Fortune, in Love with Mrs. Anne Page.*

Shallow, *a Country Justice.*

Slender, *Cousin to Shallow, a foolish Country Squire.*

Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at Windsor.*

Mr. Ford, }

Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch Parson.*

Dr. Caius, *a French Doctor.*

Host of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*

Bardolph, }

Pistol, } *Sharppers attending on Falstaff.*

Nym, }

Robin, *Page to Falstaff.*

William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

Simple, *Servant to Slender.*

Rugby, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr. Page.*

Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr. Ford.*

Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr. Page, in Love with Fenton.*

Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, *Windsor: and the Parts adjacent.*



222

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*H. Gravelot inv. & del.
Vol. 1. P. 209.*

G. Vander Gucht. scul.



T H E

(1) MERRY WIVES of *Windsor*.

A C T I.

SCENE, *before Page's House in Windsor.*

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

S H A L L O W.



I R *Hugh*, persuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty Sir *John Falstaffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*, Esq;

Slen. In the county of *Gloucester*, justice of peace, and *Coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *Custalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born,

(1) *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*] Queen Elizabeth was so well pleas'd with the admirable Character of *Falstaff* in the two Parts of *Henry IV*, that, as Mr. *Rowe* informs us, She commanded *Shakespeare* to continue it for one Play more, and to shew him in Love. To this Command We owe the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: which, Mr. *Gildon* says, he was very well assur'd; our Author finish'd in a Fortnight. But this must be meant only of the first imperfect Sketch of this Comedy, an Old *Quarto* Edition whereof I have, printed in 1602; which says in the Title-page——— *As it hath been divers times acted both before her Majesty and elsewhere.*

master

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master parson, who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *Armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white lues in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish is an old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for your self, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaff* have committed disparagements upon you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Sal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet, the Council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it: there is *Anne Page*, (2) which is daughter to master *George Page*, which is pretty virginity.

(2) ——— which is Daughter to Master *Thomas Page*,] The whole Set of Editions have negligently blunder'd one after another in *Page's* Christian-Name in this place; tho' Mrs. *Page* calls him *George* afterwards in at least six several Passages.

Slen.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. 213

Slen. Mistress *Anne Page*? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the world, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and silver, is her grandfire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master *Abraham* and mistress *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her grand-fire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well; let us see honest Mr. *Page*: is *Falstaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-wishers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for master *Page*. What, ho? Got blefs your house here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice *Shallow*; and here's young master *Slender*; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart: I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good mistress *Page*? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Sha.

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Shal. Sir, I thank you ; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was out-run on *Cotfale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not ; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault ; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog ; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within ; and I would, I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke, as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confes it.

Shal. If it be confes'd, it is not redress'd ; is not that so, master *Page*? he hath wrong'd me ; indeed, he hath ; at a word, he hath ; believe me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire faith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin ; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait : I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in Council ; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir *John*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your head ; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching-rascals *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar.

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Bar. You *Banbury* cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: slice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *S* *ple*, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us understand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, master *Page*; *fidelicet*, master *Page*; and there is my self; *fidelicet*, my self; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,——

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master *Slender*'s purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he; (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of *Yead Miller*, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol*?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! —— Sir *John*, and master mine,

I Combat challenge of this latten bilboe: (3)

Word

(3) *I combat challenge of this Latin bilboe.*] Our modern Editors have distinguish'd this Word, *Latin*, in *Italic* Characters, as if it was address'd to Sir *Hugh*, and meant to call him *pedantic Blade*, on account of his being a Schoolmaster, and teaching *Latin*. But I'll be bold to say, in This they do not take the Poet's Conceit. *Pistol* barely calls Sir *Hugh* Mountain-foreigner, because he had interpos'd in the Dispute: but then immediately demands the Combat of *Slender*, for having charg'd him with picking his Pocket. The old *Quarto*'s write
it

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Word of denial in thy *Labra's* here;
Word of denial; froth and scum, thou ly'st.

Slm. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the base humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slm. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, *Scarlet* and *John*?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the Ignorance is!

Bard. And being sap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions past the car-cires.

Slm. Ay, you spake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page, with wine.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

Exit Anne Page.

it *Latten*, as it should be, in the common Characters: And as a Proof that the Author design'd This should be address'd to *Slender*, Sir *Hugh* does not there interpose one Word in the Quarrel. But what then signifies——*latten Bilbo*? Why, *Pissol* seeing *Slender* such a slim, puny, Wight; would intimate, that he is as thin as a Plate of that compound Metal, which is call'd *latten*: and which was, as we are told, the Old *Orichalc*. *Monsieur Dacier*, upon this Verse in *Horace's* Epistle de *Arte Poetica*,

Tibia non ut nunc Orichalco vineta, &c.

says, *Est une espece de Cuivre de montagne, come son nom mesme le temoigne; c'est ce que nous appellons aujourd'huy du leron.*

"It is a sort of Mountain-Copper, as its very Name imports, and which we at this time of Day call *Latten*."

Slm.

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Slen. Oh heav'n! this is mistress *Anne Page*.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. How now, mistress *Ford*?

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her.*]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen; I hope, we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exe. Fal. Page, &c.*]

Manent Shallow, Evans, and Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait on my self, must I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake* (4) upon *All-hallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Martlemas*?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by *Sir Hugh* here; do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

(4) Upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.] Sure, *Simple*'s a little out in his Reckoning. Allhallowmas is almost five Weeks after Michaelmas. But may it not be urg'd, it is design'd, *Simple* should appear thus ignorant, to keep up Character? I think, not. The simplest Creatures (nay, even Naturals) generally are very precise in the Knowledge of Festivals, and marking how the Seasons run: And therefore I have ventur'd to suspect, our Poet wrote *Martlemas*, as the Vulgar call it; which is near a fortnight after All-Saints Day, i. e. eleven Days, both inclusive.

V o L. I.

L

Eva.

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Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a Justice of peace in his country; simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mind: therefore precisely, can you carry your good Will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abram Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz; can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: (5) I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt:

(5) *I hope, upon Familiarity will grow more Content.*] Certainly, the Editors in their Sagacity have murder'd a Jest here. It is design'd, no Doubt, that *Slender* should say decrease,

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contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion answer, save, the fall is in th'ort *dissolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely*; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think, my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress *Anne*: 'would, I were young for your sake, mistress *Anne*!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress *Anne*.

Eva. Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the Grace. [*Ex. Shallow and Evans.*]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin *Shallow*: [*Ex. Simple.*] A Justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not fit, 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin th'other day with playing at sword and dag-

crease, instead of *increase*; and *dissolved*, *dissolutely*, instead of *resolved* and *resolutely*: but to make him say, on the present Occasion, that upon Familiarity will grow more *Content*, instead of *Contempt*, is disarming the Sentiment of all its *Salt* and *Humour*, and disappointing the Audience of a reasonable Cause for Laughter.

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ger with a master of fence, three venneys for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'th' town?

Anne. I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slén. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in *England*. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slén. That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen *Sackerfon* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it past: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Slén. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not chuse, Sir; come; come.

Slén. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slén. Mistress *Anne*, your self shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slén. Truly, I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slén. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome; you do your self wrong, indeed-la. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Cains'* house which is the way; and there dwells one mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it

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it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with mistress *Anne Page*; and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress *Anne Page*: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheefe to come.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE *changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.

Fal. **M**INE host of the garter, ———
Host. What says my bully rock? speak schollarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully *Hercules*, cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæsar*, *Keisar* and *Pheazar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, bully *Healer*?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*]

Fal. *Bardolph*, follow him; a tapster is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man, a fresh tapster; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*]

Pist. O base *Hungarian* wight, wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskäful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

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Pist. Convey, the Wife it call: steal? so; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conycatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, *Pistol*: indeed, I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford's* wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourages, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be english'd right, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse: she hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page's* wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious *Iliads*; sometimes, the beam of her view guilded my foot; sometimes, my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine. [*Aside.*]

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her; she bears the purse too;
(6) she

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(6) she is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be *Exchequers* to me; they shall be my *East and West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress *Page*; and thou this to mistress *Ford*: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my side wear steel? then, *Lucifer* take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these letters tightly,
Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores. [*To Robin.*
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof, seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; my self, and skirted page.
[*Ex. Falstaff and Boy.*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd, and
Fullam holds:

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Teller I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base *Phrygian Turk*!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star.

Pist. With wit, or steel?

(6) *She is a Region in Guiana, all Gold and Bounty.*] If the Tradition be true, (as I doubt not, but it is;) of this Play being wrote at Queen *Elizabeth's* Command; this Passage, perhaps, may furnish a probable Conjecture that it could not appear 'till after the Year 1598. The mention of *Guiana*, then so lately discover'd to the *English*, was a very happy Compliment to Sir *W. Raleigh*, who did not begin his Expedition for South *America* 'till 1595, and return'd from it in 1596, with an advantageous Account of the great Wealth of *Guiana*. Such an Address of the Poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper Impression on the People, when the Intelligence of such a golden Country was fresh in their Minds, and gave them Expectations of immense Gain.

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Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold,
How *Falstaff*, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool; I will incense *Ford*
to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness;
for the Revolt of *Mien* is dangerous: that is my true
humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I second
thee; troop on. [Exit.

SCENE changes to *Dr. Caius's House.*

Enter mistress Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quic. WHAT, *John Rugby*! I pray thee, go to
the casement, and see if you can see my
master, master Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, i'faith,
and find any body in the house, here will be old abu-
sing of God's patience, and the King's *English*.

Rug. I'll go watch. [Exit Rugby.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at night,
in faith, at the latter end of a sea coal fire. An ho-
nest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in
house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no
breed-bate; his worst fault is, that he is given to
pray'r; he is something peevish that way; but no body
but has his fault; but let that pass. *Peter Simple*, you
say, your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And master *Slender's* your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a
glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee-face,
with a little yellow beard, (7) a *Cain-colour'd* beard.

(7) A cane-colour'd beard.] Thus the latter Editions. I have
restor'd with the old Copies. *Cain* and *Judas*, in the Tapest-
ries and Pictures of old, were represented with yellow Beards.

Quic.

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Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you? oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gate?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse fortune! Tell master parson *Evans*, I'll do what I can for your master: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wish——

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young man; go into this closet; [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby*! *John*! what, *John*, I say; go, *John*, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: and down, down, a-down-a, &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad, he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je m'en vaie à la Cour——la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy, *mettez le au mon pocket; Dépêchez,* quickly; ver is dat knave *Rugby*?

Quic. What, *John Rugby*! *John*!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

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Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long : od's me! *Que ay je oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the warld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diabie, Diabie!* vat is in my closet? villaine, *Larron!* *Rugby*, my rapier. [*Pulls Simple out of the closet.*]

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The-young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man, dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson *Hugh.*

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress *Anne Page* for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* send-a-you? *Rugby*, baillez me some paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad, he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the *French Doctor* my master, (I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my self.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with mistress

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trefs *Anne Page*; but, notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give a this letter to Sir *Hugh*; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de parke, and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make ——— you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*]

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do you not tell-ame, dat I shall have *Anne Page* for myself? by gar, I will kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon; by gar, I will myself have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate; what, the good-jer!

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me; ——— by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your head out of my door; — follow my heels, *Rugby*.

[*Ex. Caius and Rugby.*]

Quic. You shall have *An* fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne's* mind for that; never a Woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. (*within.*) Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a book, she

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she loves you: have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart: I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing; but for you——Well——go to——

Fent. Well, I shall see her to day; hold, there's mony for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou see'st her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*]

Quic. Farewel to your worship. Truly, an honest gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's* mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*]



A C T II.

S C E N E, *before Page's House.*

Enter Mrs. Page, with a Letter.

Mrs. PAGE.

WHAT, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no reason, why I love you; for tho' love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, at the

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the least if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me:

*By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What a *Herod of Jewry* is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! what unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemish* drunkard pickt, i'th' devil's name; out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth, heav'n forgive me: why, I'll exhibit (8) a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of fat men: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. *Mrs. Page*, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

(8) —a bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men:] What, *Mrs. Page*, put down the whole Species *Unius ob noxam*, for a single Offender's Trespass? Don't be so unreasonable in your Anger. But 'tis a false Charge against You. I am persuaded, a short Monosyllable is dropt out, which, once restor'd, would qualify the Matter. We must necessarily read, — for the putting down of fat Men. — *Mrs. Ford* says in the very ensuing Scene, *I shall think the worse of fat Men, as long as I have an Eye, &c.* And in the old Quarto's, *Mrs. Page*, so soon as she has read the Letter, says, *Well, I shall trust fat Men the worse, while I live, for his sake:* And he is call'd, the fat Knight, the greasy Knight, by the Women, throughout the Play.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Ford*. Well, I do then; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O mistress *Page*, give me some counsel.

Mrs. *Page*. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. *Ford*. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. *Page*. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford*. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. *Page*. What, thou liest! Sir *Alice Ford*! these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. *Ford*. We burn day-light; here, read, read; perceive, how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tun of oyl in his belly, a'shore at *Windsor*? how shall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page*. Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank-space for different names; nay, more; and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lye under mount *Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some Strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty: oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight. Come hither. *[They retire.]*

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal-dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford;

He loves thy gally-mawfry, Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir Aaton, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels—O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist.

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Pist. The horn, I say: farewell.
Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright.
Away, Sir corporal *Nym*. —————

Believe it, *Page*, he speaks sense. [*Exit Pistol.*]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal *Nym*; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nym*, and *Falstaff* loves your Wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu. [*Exit Nym.*]

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. I will not believe such a *Cataian*, tho' the priest o'th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forwards.

Page. How now, *Meg*?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, *George*? hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, mistress *Page*?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George*? Look, who comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress *Anne*?

Mrs.

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Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*]

Page. How now, master *Ford*?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoaik of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How, now, mine Host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully *Rock*? thou'rt a gentleman; cavalerio-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully *Rock*.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh* the *Welch* priest, and *Caius* the *French* doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter, a word with you.

Host.

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Host. What say'st thou, bully *Rock*?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry *Host* hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, (9) and tell him, my name is *Brook*; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be *Brook*. It is a merry Knight. (10) Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long

(9) *And tell him, my Name is Brook;*] Thus both the old *Quarto's*; and thus most certainly the Poet wrote. We need no better Evidence, than the Pun that *Falstaff* anon makes on the Name, when *Brook* sends him some burnt Sack.

Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow with such Liquor.

The Players, in their Editions, alter'd the Name to *Broom*: But how far that Name will sort with that Jest, is submitted to common Sense.

(10) *Will you go an-heirs?* I can make Nothing of this Reading, which hath possess'd all the Editions. The Word is not to be traced; and, consequently, I am apt to suspect, must be corrupted. I should think, the *Host* meant to say, either,

Will you go on here?

Pointing out the Way, which was to lead them to the Combatants; as he afterwards says, *Here, boys, here, here; shall we wag?* Or,

Will you go, myn-heirs?

i. e. my Masters; Both these make plain Sense; and are not remote from the Traces of the Text: but, without some such Alteration, the Passage seems utterly unintelligible to me.

sword,

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sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow and Page.*]

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure fool, (11) and stand so firmly on his wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at *Page's* house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound *Falstaff*: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I Will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open. — I will retort the sum in Equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your conch-fellow, *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when mistress *Bridget* lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, a short knife

(11) *And stand so firmly on his Wife's Frailty,*] No, surely; *Page* stood tightly to the Opinion of her Honesty, and would not entertain a Thought of her being *frail*. I have therefore ventur'd to substitute a Word correspondent to the Sense requir'd; and one, which our Poet frequently uses, to signify *conjugal Faith*.

and

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and a throng, to your manour of *Pickt-batch*; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you rogue will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn, as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one mistress *Ford*, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: mistress *Ford*, you say ——

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? heav'n bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress *Ford*,—— what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord, your

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your worship's a wanton : well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray —

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, — come, mistress *Ford* —

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it ; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful : the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windsor*, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches ; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly ; all musk ; and so ruffling, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart ; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning ; but I desire all angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of honesty ; and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all : and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners ; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me ? be brief, my good *She Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times ; and she gives you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth ; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of : master *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas ! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousie-man ; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven : woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well : But I have another messenger to your worship ; mistress *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too ; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell

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tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, whoe'er be the other; and she bad me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford's* wife, and *Page's* wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master *Page* is an honest man. Never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life, than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, truly, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good, that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along, with this woman. This news distracts me!

[*Exit Quickly and Robin.*]

Pist. This punk is one of *Cupid's* carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make

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make more of thy old body, than I have done ; will they yet look after thee ? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much mony, be now a gainer ? good body, I thank thee ; let them say, 'tis grossly done ; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one master *Brook* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you ; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. *Brook*, is his name ?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in ; [*Exit Bardolph.*] such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with such liquor. Ah ! ah ! mistress *Ford* and mistress *Page*, have I encompass'd you ? go to, *via* !

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir ; would you speak with me ?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome ; what's your will ? give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much ; my name is *Brook*.

Fal. Good master *Brook*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours ; not to charge you ; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion ; for they say, if mony go before, all ways do lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony, here, troubles me ; if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford.

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Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master *Brook*, I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear, you are a scholar ; (I will be brief with you) and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you : I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfections ; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier ; sith you yourself know, how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well : Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her ; and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her ; follow'd her with a doating observance ; ingross'd opportunities to meet her ; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her ; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given : briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means ; meed, I am sure, I have received none ; unless experience be a jewel ; That I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and That hath taught me to say this ;

" Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues ;

" Pursuing That that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then ?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another man's ground.

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so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is mony, spend it, spend it; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattel'd against me. What say you to't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will first make bold with your mony; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Master *Brook*, I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no mony, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress *Ford*, master *Brook*, you shall

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want

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want none ; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me ; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven ; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth ; come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance : do you know *Ford*, Sir ?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not : yet I wrong him, to call him poor ; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of mony, for the which his wife seems to be well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer ; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue ; I will stare him out of his wits ; I will awe him with my cudgel ; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Master *Brook*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant ; and thou shalt lye with his wife : Come to me soon at night ; *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggravate his stile : thou, master *Brook*, shalt know him for knave and cuckold : come to me soon at night. [Exit.]

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* rascal is this ! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says, this is improvident jealousy ? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made ; would any man have thought this ? see the hell of having a false woman ! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at ; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names ; *Amaimon* sounds well ; *Lucifer*, well ; *Barbajon*, well ; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends : but cuckold, wittol, cuckold ! the devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an ass, a secure ass, he will trust his wife ; he will not be jealous : I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, parson *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheese, an *Irishman* with my *Aquavita* bottle, or a thief

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thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it: better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [Exit.

SCENE *changes to Windsor Park.*

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. JACK Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack*?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not so dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*; I vill tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee soigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead,

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my *Francisco*? ha, bully? what says my *Æsculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack-priest* of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a *Castalion-king-Urinal*: *Hector* of *Greece*, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: Is it not true, master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have yourself been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are justices, and doctors, and church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the peace; you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient church-man: you must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice; a word, Monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our *English* tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de *Englishman*, scurvy-jack-dog-priest; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tight'y, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Host.

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Hof. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, bully : but first, Mr. Guest, and Mr. Page, and eek *Cavaliero Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he ?

Hof. He is there ; see, what humour he is in ; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields : will it do well ?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Ex.* Page, Shallow and Slender.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest ; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to *Anne Page*.

Hof. Let him die ; but, first, sheath thy impatience ; throw cold water on thy choler ; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore* ; I will bring thee where mistress *Anne Page* is, at a farm-house a feasting ; and thou shalt woo her, (12) Try'd game ; said I well ?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat : by gar, I love you ; and I shall procure 'a you de good guest ; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

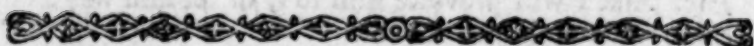
Hof. For the which I will be thy adversary toward *Anne Page* : said I well ?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good ; vell said.

Hof. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*. [*Extunt.*

(12) *And thou shalt woo her.* Cride-Game,] Thus the old Folio's : The Quarto's with a little Difference. *And thou shalt wear her cry'd Game. Said I well ?* Neither of the Readings furnish any Idea ; nor can be genuine. *Try'd Game*, as I have restor'd it, may well signify, Thou old Cock of the Game ; thou experienc'd Sinner : and might be reasonably apply'd to *Caius*, who was an old Bachelor, and had Dame *Quickly* for his Housekeeper.



A C T III.

SCENE, Frogmore near Windsor.

Enter Evans and Simple.

E V A N S.

I Pray you now, good master *Slender's* servingman, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for master *Caius*, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

Simp. Marry, Sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windsor* way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul, how full of chollars I am, and tremping of mind! I shall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pless my soul!

[Sings, being afraid.

*By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigalls;
There will we make our beds of roses;
And a thousand vagrant posies.*

By shallow — 'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. *Melodious birds sing madrigalls* — *When as I sat in Pablon;* — *and a thousand vagrant posies.*
— *By shallow, &c.*

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. He's welcome. *By shallow rivers, to whose falls* —

Heav'n prosper the right! what weapons is he?

Simp.

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Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my master, Mr. *Shallow*, and another gentleman from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master Parson? good morrow, good Sir *Hugh*. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet *Anne Page*!

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. 'Pleas you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the sword and the word? do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, be-like, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think, you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet *Anne Page*!

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Enter

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Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons : keep them asunder : here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question ; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear : wherefore vill you not meet-a me ?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other mens humours : I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends ; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable ! Jack Rugby*, mine *Host de Jartere*, have I not stay for him, to kill him ? have I not, at de place I did appoint ?

Eva. As I am a christian's soul, now look you, this is the place appointed ; I'll be judgment by mine *Host of the Garter*.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say ; hear mine *Host of the Garter*. Am I politick ? am I subtle ? am I a *Machiavel* ? shall I lose my Doctor ? no ; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my Parson ? my Priest ? my Sir *Hugh* ? no ; he gives me the proverbs and the no verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial ; so : Give me thy hand, celestial ; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both : I have directed you to wrong places : your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad *Host*. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

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Slen. O, sweet *Anne Page*!

[*Exeunt* *Shal.* *Slen.* *Page* and *Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a-de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scald-scurvy-cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles; pray you, follow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Street, in Windsor.*

Enter *Mistress Page*, and *Robin*.

Mrs. Page. **N**AY, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a Courtier.

Enter *Ford*.

Ford. Well met, mistress *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, sirrah?

M 5

Rob.

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Rob. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Ford. Sir *John Falstaff*?

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir; I am sick, 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score; he pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaff's* boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: and *Falstaff's* boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *AÆon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find *Falstaff*: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

To him, Enter *Page*, *Shallow*, *Slender*, *Hoft*, *Evans*, and *Caius*.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Mr. *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my cousin *Slender*, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen.

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Slender. I hope, I have your good will, father *Page*.

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*; I stand wholly for you; but my wife, master Doctor is for you, altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me: my nursh-a-*Quickly* tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Mr. *Fenton*? he carries, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day, he smells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you: the Gentleman is of no Having, he kept company with the wild Prince and *Poinz*: he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster. Mr. Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Mr. *Page*; and you, Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well, we shall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honest Knight *Falstaff*, and drink *Canary* with him.

Ford. I think, I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE changes to Ford's House.

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. WHAT, *John*! what, *Robert*!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket——

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.——What, *Robin*, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page.

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Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whittfers in *Datchet-Mead*, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the *Thames* side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my Eyas-musket, what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir *John* is come in at your back-door, mistress *Ford*, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; my master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so; go tell thy master, I am alone; mistress *Page*, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholsome humidity, this gross watry pumpion — we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford.

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Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir *John*!

Fal. *Mrs. Ford*, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, mistress *Ford*: now shall I sin in my wish. I would, thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir *John*? alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any *Venetian* attire.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir *John*: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so; thou would'st make an absolute Courtier; and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a-many of these lisp'ing haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Bury* in simpling time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear, you love mistress *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [within.] Mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*, here's mistress *Page* at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal.

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Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff hides himself.*]

Enter mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress *Ford*, what have you done? you're sham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress *Page*?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress *Ford*, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windsor*, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder—[*Aside.*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heav'n it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half *Windsor* at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know your self clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you *had rather*, and you *had rather*; your husband's here at hand; be-think you of some conveyance, in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look,
here

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here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet-mead*.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir *John Falstaff*? are these your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never —

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linnen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: call your men, mistress Ford. You dissembling Knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up these cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the landress in *Datchet-mead*; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would, I could, wash my self of the buck: buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. So, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong your self too much.

Ford.

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Ford. True, master *Page*. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*—

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search.
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here! I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falstaff*: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress *Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwiug into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be, the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace:—You use me well, master *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford.

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Mrs. Ford. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do your self mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the pressess, heav'n forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford*, are you not asham'd? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windsor Castle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page*: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience; your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see, 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress *Page*; I pray you pardon me: pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make a deturd.

Eva. In your teeth, for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page.*

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to morrow on the lousie knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lousie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

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SCENE *changes to Page's House.*

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I See, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet
Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thy self.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne*:
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thy self
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, Sir;
If opportunity and humblest suit (13)
Cannot attain it, why then——hark you hither.

[Fenton and Mistress Anne go apart.]

(13) *If opportunity and humblest Suit* Dr. Thirlby imagines,
that our Author with more Propriety wrote;

If Importunity and humblest Suit

I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text, because, tho' an
equal Exactness be not maintain'd in the Expression, it may
mean, "If the frequent Opportunities you find of soliciting
"my Father, and your Obsequiousness to him, cannot get
him over to your Party, &c.

Enter

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Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress *Quickly*; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'd'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am affear'd.

Quic. Hark ye, Mr. *Slender* would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good master *Fenton*? pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress *Anne*, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Gloucestershire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master *Shallow*, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good mistress *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My Will? od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jest, indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heav'n praise.

Anne.

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Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you wish me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go, better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master *Slender*: love him, daughter *Anne*.

—Why, how now? what does master *Fenton* here? You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master *Fenton*.

Come, master *Shallow*; come, son *Slender*, in. Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master *Fenton*.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.]

Quic. Speak to mistress *Page*.

Fent. Good mistress *Page*, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my master, master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not your self; good master *Fenton*,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And

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And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell, Sir; she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry. [Ex. Mrs. Page and Anne.]

Fent. Farewel, gentle mistress; farewell, *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will
you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?
look on master *Fenton*: this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to night
Give my sweet *Nan* this ring: there's for thy pains.

[Exit.]

Quic. Now heav'n send thee good fortune! A kind
heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and wa-
ter for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master
had mistress *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or,
in sooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I
can for them all three, for so I have promis'd; and I'll
be as good as my word, but speciously for Mr. *Fenton*.
Well, I must of another errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from
my two mistresses; what a beast am I to slack it? [Exit.]

SCENE changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **B** *Bardolph*, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't.
[Ex. Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket, like
a barrow of butchers' offal, and to be thrown into the
Thames? well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll
have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to
a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me
into the river with as little remorse (14) as they would
have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'th' litter;

(14) *As they would have drown'd a blind bitch's puppies.* I
have ventur'd to transpose the Adjective here, against the
Authority of the printed Copies. I know, in Horses, a Colt
from a blind Stallion loses much of the Value it might other-
wise have; but are puppies ever drown'd the sooner, for coming
from a blind Bitch? The Author certainly wrote, *as they would
have drown'd a Bitch's blind puppies.*

and

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and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the Sack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs *Quickly*, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the *Thames*-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these challices: go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it self: I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from mistress *Ford*.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*? I have had *Ford* enough; I was thrown into the *Ford*; I have my belly full of *Ford*.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic.

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Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [Exit.]

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master *Brook*; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, master *Brook*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir *John*, is my business.

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you was there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford's* approach, and by her invention, and *Ford's* wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasie napkins; that, master *Brook*, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford.

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Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master *Brook*, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of *Ford's* knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatick knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths; but mark the sequel, master *Brook*; I suffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next to be compass'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be stopt in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths that fretted in their own grease: think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a *Dutch* dish, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot; think of that, master *Brook*.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another embassie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you shall have her, master *Brook*; master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit Ford.*]

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Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? master *Ford*, awake; awake, master *Ford*; there's a hole made in your best coat, master *Ford*; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linnen and buck-baskets! well, I will proclaim my self what I am; I will now take the leacher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible, he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box. But, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad.

[*Exit.*]



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *Page's House.*

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. P A G E.

IS he at Mr. *Ford's* already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water; Mrs. *Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no school to day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; master *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir *Hugh*, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his *Accidence*.

V O L. I.

N

Eva.

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Eva. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head, come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, *Sirrah*, hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. *William*, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *Fair*, *William*?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Quic. *Poulcats*? there are fairer things than *poulcats*, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, *William*?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, *William*?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good *William*: what is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusative, hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusative, hinc, hæc, hoc*.

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *fo-*
cative case, William?

Will. O, *vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember, *William*, *focative is caret*.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural, William*?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Eva. Ay.

Will.

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Will. Genitive, borum, harum, horum.

Quic. 'Vengeance of Giney's case; fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum; fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunacies? hast thou no under-standings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as foo'ish christian creatures, as I would desire.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *hi*, *kæ*, *cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewel, *Mrs. Page*.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir *Hugh*. Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. **M**istress *Ford*, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress *Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. (*within.*) What hoa, gossip *Ford*! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir *John*.

[Exit Falstaff.]

N 2

Enter

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Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet heart, who's at home besides your self?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [*Afide.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again; he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all *Eve's* daughters, of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now; I am glad, the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad, the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him; better, shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' basket: may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs.

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Mrs. Page. Alas! alas! three of master *Ford's* brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away ere he came: but what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word: neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir *John*, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-day, I know not; there is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good heart, devise something; any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is, and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir *John*; mistress *Page* and I will look some linnen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [Exit Falstaff.]

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he swears, she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

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Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet, we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eats all the draugh.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*]

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heav'n, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? set down the basket, villain; somebody call my wife: youth in a basket! oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say; come, come forth, behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes, master *Ford*,——you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter

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Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, master *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither, mistress *Ford*; mistress *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out: come forth, Sirrah. *[Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.]*

Page. This passes——

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why——

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? in my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable; pluck me out all the linnen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that searched a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfie me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress *Page*! come you, and

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the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my house? she comes of errands, does she? we are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure; and such dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in womens cloaths, and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother *Prat*, come give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcatt, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th' mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the war-

rant

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rant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly sham'd; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. SIR, the German desires to have three of your horses; the Duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak *English*?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sawce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests; (15) they must compt off; I'll sawce them, come. [Exit.

(15) — [*They must come off.*] This can never be our Poet's, or his Host's Meaning: to *come off*, is, in other Terms, to go *scot-free*; But these Germans had taken up the Host's house, and he was resolv'd to make them pay for it. We must certainly, therefore, read, *they must compt off*: i. e. they must pay off the Accompt, or, as we now say, down with their Pence.

Mr. Warburton.

SCENE *changes to Ford's House.*

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Evans.

Eva. **T**IS one of the best discretions of 'oman, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness; thy honour stands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extream in submission, as in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him, when he comes;

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Horne* the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in *Windsor* forest,

Doth all the winter-time at still of midnight

Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;

the tree, and takes the cattle;

ine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In

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In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne's* oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device, (16)
That *Falstaff* at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguised like *Herne*, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come.
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon, and
thus:

Nan Page, (my daughter) and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, poughes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two, in great amazedness, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like to pinch the unclean knight;

(16) *Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our Device,

That *Falstaff* at that Oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well; let it not be doubted, but he'll come.

And in this Shape when you have brought him thither,] Thus
this Passage has been transmitted down to us, from the Time
of the first Edition by the Players: But what was this Shape,
in which *Falstaff* was to be appointed to meet? For the women
have not said one Word to ascertain it. This makes it more
than suspicious, the Defect in this Point must be owing to some
wise Retrenchment. The two intermediate Lines, which I have
restor'd from the old *Quarto*, are absolutely necessary, and
clear up the matter.

And

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And ask him, why, that hour of fairy Revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape prophane?

Mrs. Ford. And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present our selves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and
I will be like a jack-anapes also, to burn the knight with
my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the fairies;
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy, and in that tire
Shall Mr. *Slender* steal my *Nan* away, [Aside.
And marry her at *Eaton*. Go, send to *Falstaff* straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook*;
he'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that; go get us properties
and tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures, and
ferry honest knaveries. [Ex. *Page, Ford and Evans*.

Mrs. Page. Go, *Mrs. Ford*,
Send *Quickly* to Sir *John*, to know his mind.

[Exit *Mrs. Ford*.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page*.
That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Ideot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
'The doctor is well mony'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he shall have her;
'Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.

[Exit.



SCENE

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SCENE *changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. **W**HAT would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call; he'll speak like an anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John*! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Host, thine *Ephesian* calls.

Falstaff, above.

Fal. How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* carries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell, what would you with her?

Simp. My master, Sir, my master *Slender* sent to her, seeing her go thro' the street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal.

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Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hof. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about mistress *Anne Page*; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: go; say, the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.]

Hof. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Hof*; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! meer cozenage!

Hof. Where be my horses, speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire, and set spurs, and away, like three *German* devils, three Doctor *Faus*-*fus*'s.

Hof. They are gone but to meet the Duke; villain; do not say, they are fled; *Germans* are honest men.

Enter

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Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine Host?

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o'mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the Hosts of *Reading*, of *Maidenhead*, of *Colebrook*, of horses and mony. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd; fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver^s is mine Host *de Jartere*?

Host. Here, master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; by my trot, der is no Duke, dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu. [Exit.]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone! [Exit.]

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermens boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as crest-faln as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. —

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd. I have suffer'd more
for

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for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the (17) action of a wood woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i'th' stocks, i'th' common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? sure, one of you does not serve heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fen. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee

(17) *Action of an old Woman.*] This Reading is no great Compliment to the Sagacity of our former Editors, who could content themselves with Words, without any Regard to the Reasoning. What! was it any Dexterity of Wit in Sir *John Falstaff*, to counterfeit the Action of an *Old Woman*, in order to escape being apprehended for a *Witch*? Surely, one would imagine, This was the readiest Means to bring him into such a Scrape: for none but *Old Women* have ever been suspected of being *Witches*. The Text must certainly be restor'd, as I have corrected it, a *wood Woman*; i. e. a crazy, frantick Woman; one too wild, and silly, and unmeaning, to have either the Malice, or mischievous Subtlety of a *Witch* in her. I have already explain'd, and prov'd the use of this Term, in one of my Notes on the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

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A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master *Fenton*; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So far forth as herself might be her chuser)
Ev'n to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the shew of both. Fat Sir *John Falstaff*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest
I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine *Host*;
To night at *Herne's Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry; she hath consented.—Now, Sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds;
And at the Deanry, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her; To this her mother's Plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the Doctor.—Now, thus it rests;
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that dress when *Slender* sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him.—Her mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribbands-pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host.

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Hof. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fen. Both, my good Hof, to go along with me; And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one, And in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hof. Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar. Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Beside, I'll make a present recompence. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prating; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lyes in odd numbers; away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*]

Fal. Away, I say, time wears: hold up your head and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, master *Brook*? master *Brook*, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at *Herne's Oak*, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master *Brook*, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That same knave, *Ford* her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master *Brook*, I fear not *Goliath* with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle; I am in haste; go along with me, I'll tell you all, master *Brook*. Since I pluckt geese, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately.
Follow

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Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow; strange things in hand, master *Brook*! follow. — [Exit.



A C T V.

SCENE, Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

PAGE.

COME, come; we'll couch i'th' castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son *Slender*, my daughter.

Slend. Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well; heav'n prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exit.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [Exit.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no

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no matter ; better, a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies, (18) and the *Welch* devil *Evans*?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne's Oak*, with obscur'd lights ; which, at the very instant of *Falstaff's* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd ; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on ; to the Oak, to the Oak.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies ; come, and remember your parts : be pold, I pray you ; follow me into the pit ; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you ; come, come ; trib, trib.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Falstaff, with a Buck's head on.

Fal. The *Windsor* bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on ; now, the hot-blooded Gods assist me ! Remember, *Jove*, thou wast a bull for thy *Europa* ; love set on thy horns. Oh powerful love ! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man ; in some other, a man a beast : You were also, *Jupiter*, a swan, for the love of *Leda* :

(18) *And the Welch Devil Herne?*] Thus all the Impressions have blunder'd after each other ; but *Falstaff* was to represent *Herne*, and he was no *Welchman*. Where was the Attention, or Sagacity, of our Editors, not to observe that *Mrs. Ford* is inquiring for *Evans* by the Name of the *Welch* Devil ? The Mistake of the Word *Herne* getting into the Text, might easily happen by the Inadvertence of Transcribers, who threw their Eyes too hastily on the succeeding Line, where the Word again occurs. Dr. *Thirlby* likewise discover'd the Blunder of this Passage.

Oh,

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Oh, omnipotent love! how near the God drew to the complexion of a goose? A fault done first in the form of a beast,——O *Jove*, a beastly fault; and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl:——think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? for me, I am here a *Windsor* stag, and the fattest, I think, i'th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*? art thou there, my deer? my male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress *Page* is come with me, sweet heart.

Fal. (19) Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within.*]

Mr. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. }

Mrs. Page. } Away, away.

[*The women run out.*]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

(19) Divide me like a brib'd-Buck,] Thus all the old Copies, mistakingly: It must be *bribe-buck*; i. e. a Buck sent for a Bribe.

Enter

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Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr ; Quickly, and others, dressed like Fairies, with Tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You Ouphen heirs of fixed destiny, (20)
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names ; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windsor* chimneys shalt thou leap :
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.
Our radiant Queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They're fairies ; he, that speaks to them, shall die.
I'll wink and couch ; no man their works must eye.

[Lyes down upon his face.]

Eva. Where's *Pede* ? go you, and where you find a
maid,

That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasie ;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy ;
But those, that sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and
shins.

Quick. About, about ;
Search *Windsor* castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,
That it may stand 'till the perpetual Doom,
In state as wholsom, as in state 'tis fit ;
Worthy the owner, as the owner it.

(20) *You Orphan heirs of*] Why, *Orphan heirs* ? Destiny, to
which they ow'd their Original, and to whom they were heirs,
was yet in *Being* sure : therefore they could not be call'd Or-
phans. Doubtless, the Poet wrote :

You Ouphen heirs of fixed Destiny.

i. e. You *Elves*, that succeed to, and minister in, some of the
Works of Destiny. They are call'd both before and after, in
this Play, *Ouphs* ; here, *Ouphen* : for *en* is the Saxon Termina-
tion of plural Nouns,

Mr. Warburton.

The

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The several chairs of Order look you scour,
 With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r :
 Each fair Instalment-Coat and sev'ral Crest,
 With loyal blazon evermore be blest !
 And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
 Like to the Garter-compass, in a ring :
 Th' expresseure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;
 And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Pense* write,
 In emroid-tuffs, flow'rs purple, blue and white,
 Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee ;
 Fairies use flow'rs for their chaactery.
 Away, disperse ; but, 'till 'tis one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom round about the Oak
 Of *Herne*, the hunter, let us not forget.

}

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourselves in order set :

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,
 To guide our measure round about the tree.
 But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese !

Eva. Vild worm, thou wast o'er-look'd ev'n in thy birth.

Quic. With tryal-fire touch me his finger-end ;
 If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
 And turn him to no pain ; but if he start,
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A tryal, come.——

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*]

Come, will this wood take fire.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh !

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire ;
 About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme :
 And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. (21) It is right, indeed, he is full of leacheries and iniquity.

(21) *Eva.* *It is right, indeed :*] This short Speech, which is very much in Character for Sir Hugh, I have inserted from the old *Quarto*.

The

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THE S O N G.

*Fie on sinful phantastie,
Fie on lust and luxury !
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
Pinch him for his villany :
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.*

(22) *During this Song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green ; Slender another way, and he takes away a boy in white ; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his Buck's head, and rises.*

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly ; I think, We've watcht you now ;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn ?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come ; hold up the jest no higher.

*Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives ?
See you these, husbands ? do not these fair Yoaks (23)
Become the Forest better than the Town ?*

Ford.

(22) *During this Song,]* This Direction I thought proper to insert from the old *Quarto's*, as it is necessary to explain what is in Action on the Scene ; and on which a Part of the *Catastrophe* of the Fable depends.

(23) *See you these husbands ? Do not these fair Oaks
Become the Forest better than the Town ?]* What *Oaks*, in the Name of Nonsense, do our sagacious Editors make *Mrs. Page* talk of ? The *Oaks* in the *Park* ? But there was no Intention of transplanting them into the *Town*.——*Talis insana me quidem pudet, pigetque.* The first *Folio* reads, as the Poet intended,

intended,

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Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? master *Brook*, *Falstaff's* a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, master *Brook*; and, master *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford's* but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of mony, which must be paid to master *Brook*; his horses are arrested for it, master *Brook*.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an afs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time, I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter? have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one, that make fritters of *English*? this is e-

intended, *Toaks*: and *Mrs. Page's* Meaning is this. She speaks it to her own, and *Mrs. Ford's* Husband, and asks them, if they see the *Horns* in *Falstaff's* Hand; and then, alluding to them as the Types of *Cuckoldom*, puts the Question, whether those *Toaks* are not more proper in the *Forest* than in the *Town*: i. e. than in their Families, as a Reproach to them.

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nough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the Realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax? (24)

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and facks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to *Windsor* to one Mr. Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

(25) Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let That go to make amends:

Forgive that Summ, and so we'll all be Friends.

Ford.

(24) *What, a Hog's Pudding?*] Mr. Pope has help'd us to this *Hog's-pudding*; all the other Editions, which I have seen, have it rightly *Hodge-pudding*, as it is vulgarly written and pronounced; the French call, to shake, or jumble together, *hocher*: and they have a Dish call'd, *un hochepot*, which is a Mixture of several Sorts of Meats cook'd up together: and such a *Gallimaufry*, does Ford mean, is *Falstaff*.

(25) Mrs. Ford. Nay, Husband,] This and the following little Speech I have inserted from the old *Quarto's*. The Retrenchment, I presume, was by the Players; and an injudicious One,

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Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight; thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor *Caius's* wife. [*Aside.*]

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father *Page*.

Page. Son, how now? how now, son, have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in *Gloucestershire* known on't; would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's-boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as *Anne* and I had appointed; and yet it was not *Anne*, but a post-master's-boy.

in my Opinion. Sir *John Falstaff* is design'd the Favourite Character in the Play. His Vices are the Subject of all the Pleasantry: and he is sufficiently punish'd, in being disappointed and exposed. The Expectation of his being persecuted for the twenty Pounds, gives the Conclusion too tragical a Turn. Besides, it is poetical Justice that *Ford* should sustain this Loss, as a Fine for his unreasonable Jealousy.

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Eva. Jeshu! Master *Slender*, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vext at heart. What shall-I do?

Mrs. Page. Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my daughter into green, and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mistress *Page*? by gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garsoon, a boy; one peasant, by gar; a boy; it is not *Anne Page*; by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all *Windsor*.

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*.

Enter Fenton, and Anne Page.

How now, Mr. *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Mr. *Slender*?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.
You would have marry'd her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
'Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft;
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy.
In love, the heav'ns themselves do guide the state;
Mony buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal.

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Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special Stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will also dance and eat plums at your Wedding.

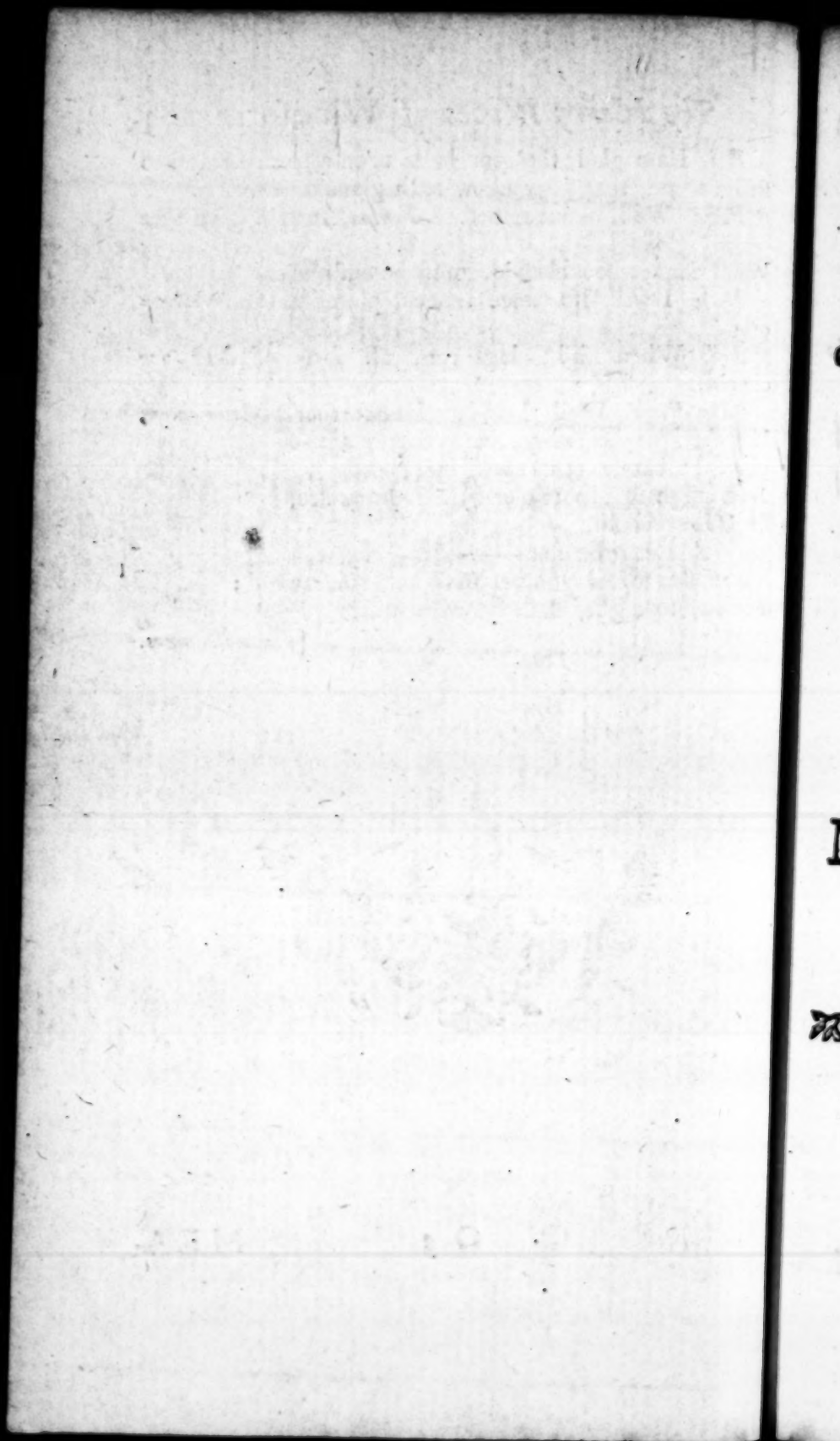
Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

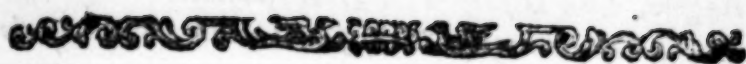
Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. *Mr. Fenton*, Heav'n give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire, Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so:——Sir *John*, To master *Brook* you yet shall hold your word; For he, to night, shall lye with mistress *Ford*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



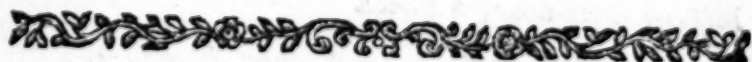


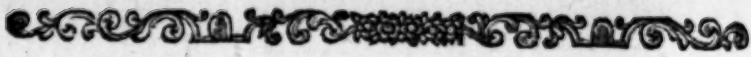


M E A S U R E

F O R

M E A S U R E.





Dramatis Personæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*

Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

Escalus, } *An ancient Lord, join'd with Angelo in the
 Deputation.*

Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*

Lucio, *a Fantastick.*

Two Gentlemen.

Vasilius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*

Provost.

Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }

A Justice.

Elbow, *a simple Constable.*

Froth, *a foolish Gentleman.*

Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*

Abhorson, *an Executioner.*

Barnardine, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

Isabella, *Sister to Claudio.*

Marina, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Juliet, *belov'd of Claudio.*

Francisca, *a Nun.*

Mistress Over-done, a Barwd.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

S C E N E, Vienna.

22

the



H. Gravelot in v del.

G. Vander Quacke scul.

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MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the Duke's PALACE.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

D U K E.

SCALUS,——

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government the properties t'unfold,

Would seem in me t'affect speech and discourse.

Since I am not to know, that your own Science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice

My strength can give you : then no more remains: (1)

O 5

Put

(1) —— then no more remains :

For that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,

*And let them work] I doubt not, but this Passage, either from the Impertinence of the Actors, or the Negligence of the Copyists, has come maim'd to us. In the first Place, what an unmeasurable, inharmonious, Verse have we here; and, then, how lame is the Sense! What was Escalus to put to his Sufficiency? Why, his Science. But his Science and his Sufficiency were but One and the same Thing. On what then does the Relative, *them*, depend? The old Editions read thus.*

—— *Thm.*

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Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
Of common justice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hiher,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo*:

What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our Absence to supply;
Lent him our Terror, drest him with our Love;
And giv'n his Deputation all the organs
Of our own Power: say, what think you of it?

Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,

Then no more remains,

*But that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,
And let them work.*

Here, again, the Sense is manifestly lame and defective, and
as the Verification is so too, they concur to make me think,
a Line has accidentally been left out. Perhaps, something
like This might supply our Author's Meaning.

Then no more remains,

*But that to your Sufficiency you add
Due Diligency, as your Worth is able;
And let them work.*

By some such Supplement both the Sense and Measure would
be cur'd. But as the Conjecture is unsupported by any Au-
thorities, I have not pretended to thrust it into the Text; but
submit it to Judgment. They, who are acquainted with Books,
know, that, where two Words of a similar Length and Ter-
mination happen to lie under one another, nothing is more
common than for Transcribers to glance their Eye at once
from the *first* to the *undermost* Word, and so leave out the
intermediate part of the Sentence.

I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold : thy self and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy virtues ; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues : nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
Her self the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise ;
Hold therefore, *Angelo* :
In our Remove, be thou at full our self.
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart : old *Escalus*,
Though first in question, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,

Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp't upon it.

Duke. Come, no more evasion :

We have with a prepar'd and leaven'd choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers it self, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my lord,

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke.

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Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualify the Laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people;
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heav'n's give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [Exit.]

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my Place:
A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter Lucio, and two gentlemen.

Lucio. **I**F the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not
to composition with the King of Hungary, why,
then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King
of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious Pirate,
that went to sea with the ten Commandments, but scrap'd
one out of the Table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal.——

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a Commandment to command
the captain and all the rest from their functions; they
put

MEASURE for MEASURE. 301

put forth to steal; there's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for Peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace is grace, despite of all controverſie; as for example, thou thy ſelf art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet. Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an *English* kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think, thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whiſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done my ſelf wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to——

2 *Gent.* To what I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more. (2)

1 *Gent.*

(2) A *French Crown more.*] *Lucio* means here not the piece of money ſo call'd, but that *Venercal* Scab which among the Surgeons

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1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*; Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [Exit.

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Surgeons is stil'd *Corona Veneris*. To this, I think, our Author likewise makes *Quince* allude in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Some of your French Crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.

For where these Eruptions are, the Skull is carious, and the Party becomes bald.

Enter

MEASURE for MEASURE. 303

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well ; what has he done ?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence ?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What ? is there a maid with child by him ?

Clown. No ; but there's a woman with maid by him.
You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you ?

Bawd. What Proclamation, man ?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city ?

Clown. They shall stand for seed ; they had gone down too, but that a wise burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down ?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the common wealth ; what shall become of me ?

Clown. Come, fear not you ; good counsellors lack no clients ; though you change your place, you need not change your trade : I'll be your tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you ; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapster* ? let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost to prison ; and there's Madam *Juliet*.

[*Ex. Bawd and Clown.*]

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers. Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world ?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord *Angelo* by special charge.

Claud.

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Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, *Claudio*? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So ev'ry scope by the immod'rate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as
the morality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio*?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—*Lucio*, a word
with you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good: is let-
chery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true contract
I got possession of *Julietta's* bed,
(You know the lady,) she is fast my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chanced,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on *Juliet*.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy now for the Duke,

Whe-

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 305

(Whether it be the fault, and glimpse, of newness;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it strait feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in :) but this new Governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round, (3)
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me; 'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head stands so tickle
on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love,
may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service:

This day my Sister should the Cloister enter,

And there receive her Approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state,

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict Deputy; bid her self assay him;

I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as moves men! beside, she hath prosp'rous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may; as well for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposi-
tion; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be
sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.

(3) *So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round.*] The
Duke, in the Scene immediately following, says,

Which for these fourteen Years we have let slip,

The Author could not so disagree with himself, in so narrow
a Compass. The Numbers must have been wrote in Figures,
and so mistaken: for which reason, 'tis necessary to make
the two Accounts correspond.

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I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, A M O N A S T E R Y.

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. **N**O; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt Assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*

(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute Pow'r and Place here in *Vienna*;
And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*;
For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict Statutes and most biting Laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong Steeds,) (4)
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep; (5)

Even

(4) *The needful Bits and Curbs for headstrong Weeds:] There is no manner of Analogy, or Consonance, in the Metaphors here: and, tho' the Copies agree, I do not think, the Author would have talk'd of Bits and Curbs for Weeds. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare Persons of unbridled Licentiousness to head-strong Steeds: and, in this View, bridling the Passions has been a Phrase adopted by our best Poets.*

(5) *Which for these fourteen years we have let slip,] For fourteen I have made no Scruple to replace nineteen, The Reason*

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 307

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey : now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's fight,
For terror, not to use ; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd : so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
T'unloose this ty'd up justice, when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office :
Who may in th' ambush of my name strike home,

son will be obvious to the Reader, who shall look back to the
3d Note upon this Play. I have, I hope, upon as good Au-
thority, alter'd the odd Phrase of *letting the Laws slip* : for,
supposing the Expression might be justified, yet how does it
suit with the Comparison, that follows, of a Lion in his Cave
that went not out to prey ? But *letting the Laws sleep*, as I have re-
stor'd to the Text, adds a particular Propriety to the Thing repre-
sented, and accords exactly too with the *Simile*. It is the Me-
taphor too, that our Author seems fond of using upon this
Occasion, in several other Passages of this Play.

The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept :
————— *'Tis now awake.*

And so, again,

————— *but this new Governor*
Awakes me all th' enrolled Penalties ;
————— *and for a Name*
Now puts the drowfie and neglected Act
Freshly on me.

And

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And yet, my nature never in the fight
 So do in-slander : And to behold his sway,
 I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
 Visit both prince and people ; therefore, pr'ythee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear,
 Like a true Friar. More reasons for this action
 At our more leisure shall I render you ;
 Only, this one :——Lord *Angelo* is precise ;
 Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
 If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be. [Exit.]

SCENE, A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. AND have you Nuns no further privileges ?
Nun. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly ; I speak not as desiring more ;
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio. [within] Hoa ! Peace be in this place !

Isab. Who's that, which calls ?

Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Isabella*,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;
 You may ; I may not ; you are yet unsworn :
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
 But in the presence of the Prioress ;
 Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face ;
 Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.

He calls again ; I pray you, answer him. [Exit Francisca]

Isab. Peace and prosperity ! who is't that calls ?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as those cheek-roses
 Proclaim you are no less ; can you so stead me,
 As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
 A novice of this place, and the fair sister
 To her unhappy brother *Claudio* ?

Isab.

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Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Wo me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.
Exe. I hold you as a thing en-sky'd, and fainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal Spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus;
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—my cousin *Juliet*?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels

The

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The wanton stings and motions of the sense ;
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He, (to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have long time run by the hideous law,
 As mice by Lyons ;) hath pickt out an act,
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit ; he arrests him on it ;
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,
 To make him an example ; all hope's gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften *Angelo* ; and that's my pith of business
 'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so
 Seek for his life ?

Lucio. H'as censur'd him already ;
 And, as I hear, the Provost hath a warrant
 For's execution.

Isab. Alas ! what poor
 Ability's in me, to do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power ? Alas ! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors ;
 And make us lose the good, we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
 Men give like Gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as truly theirs,
 As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

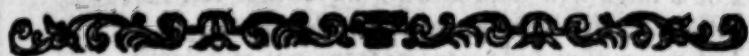
Isab. I will about it strait ;
 No longer staying, but to give the mother
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you ;
 Commend me to my brother : soon at night
 I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good Sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



A C T II.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, and Attendants.

ANGELO.

WE must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, 'till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father;
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose;
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to
justice,

That justice seizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,

For

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For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be't, as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost*?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See, that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to morrow morning.

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.——

[*Exit Prov.*]

Escal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:

Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none;

And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon justice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name? why dost thou not speak, *Elbow*?

Clown.

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Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was, as they say, pluckt down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heav'n and your Honour,——

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, 'I thank heav'n, is an honest woman;——

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest my self also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by mistress *Over-done's* means, but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saying your Honour's reverence) for stew'd prewns; Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; (your Honours have seen such dishes; they are not *China* dishes, but very good dishes.)

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, Sir.

Clown. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point; as I say, this mistress *Elbow*, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prewns; and having but two in the dish, as I said; master *Froth* here, this

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very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, master *Froth*, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prewns.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave: and, I beseech you, look into master *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, master *Froth*?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then; I hope, here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*, When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

[Exit Angelo.]

Now, Sir, come on: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, once more?

Clown

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Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman do to her?

Clown. I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good master *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpose; doth your Honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your Honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master *Froth* do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Escal. He's in the right; constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an' it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? *Justice*, or *Iniquity*?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal*! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

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Escal. If he took you a box o'th' ear, you might have your action of slander, too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for't: what is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it; thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, Sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, Sir?

[*To the Clown.*

Clown. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress *Over-done*.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-done* by the last.

Escal. Nine? Come hither to me, master *Froth*: master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master *Froth*; farewell.

[*Exit Froth.*

Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. *Pompey*.

Escal. What else?

Clown. *Bum*, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the

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the Great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it in being a tapster; are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, *Pompey*? by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, *Pompey*? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, (6) I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say, *Pompey* told you so.

(6) *I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a Day.*] For my part, I believe, our Poet had no Notion of reducing House-rent to a Proportion by the Day. The Meaning is this. The Fashion of Buildings, in our Author's time, was to have two or three semi-circular juttings out in Front, (which we still see in the Remains of old Houses,) where the Windows were plac'd: And these Projections were call'd *Bays*; as the Windows were, from them, call'd *Bay-windows*.

Minsheu tells us, the Reason of the Name being given was, because this Form of Building resembled a Bay, or Road for Ships, which is always round, and bow-ing, to break off the Force of the Water.——So that, Houses, as I said, having not above two or three of these Juttings out, the *Clown* says, "the Houses won't be worth above three pence a Bay". i. e. Nine pence per Year at the largest Computation.

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Escal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd *Cæsar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master *Elbow*; come hither, master constable; how long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them. I do it for some piece of mony, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, Sir?

Escal. To my house; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [*Exit Elbow.*]

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*:
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not it self, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But

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But yet, poor *Claudio*! there's no remedy.
Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleasure; 't may be, he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it! ———

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provost*?

Prov. Is it your will, *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place, and that with speed.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [Exit Servant,
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

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Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your honour.

Ang. Stay yet a while.——Y'are welcome; what's your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your Honour,
Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done;
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then;——heav'n keep your Honour!

Lucio. Give not o'er so: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
'To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think, that you might pardon him;

And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

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If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this, (7)
No ceremony that to Great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your potency,
And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

(7) *Well, believe this,*] This manner of Pointing, which runs thro' all the Copies, gives an Air of Address too familiar for an Inferior to use to a Person of Distinction. But taking away the Comma after, *Well*, not only removes the Objection, but restores a Mode of Expression, which our Author delights to use. *Well believe this*; i. e. Be convinc'd, be thoroughly assur'd of this.

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Isab. To-morrow, Oh! that's sudden. Spare him,
spare him.

He's not prepar'd for death: Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl, of season; shall we serve heav'n
With less respect, than we do minister
To our gross selves? good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said..

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Thole many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man, that did th' edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
Or new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees;
But here they live, to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those, I do not know;
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gaul;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sen-
tence;

And he, that suffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty, officer
Would use his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp, and sulph'rous, bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,

Drest

Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench ; he will relent ;
He's coming : I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heav'n, she win him !

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself : (8)
Great men may jest with Saints ; 'tis wit in them ;
But, in the less, foul prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl ; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art avis'd o' that ? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me ?

Isab. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' th' top : go to your bosom ;
Knock there, and ask you heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault ; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
That my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me : come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you : good my lord, turn
back.

(8) *We cannot weigh our Brother with ourself.]* Why not ?
Tho' this should be the Reading of all the Copies, 'tis as
plain as Light, it is not the Author's Meaning. *Isabella* would
say, there is so great a Disproportion in Quality betwixt Lord
Angelo and her Brother, that their Actions can bear no Com-
parison, or Equality, together : but her Brother's Crimes would
be aggravated, *Angelo's* Frailties extenuated, from the Diffe-
rence of their Degrees and State of Life, *Ms. Warburton.*

Ang.

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Ang. How? bribe me?

Ifab. Ay, with such gifts, that heav'n shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Ifab. Not with fond shekles of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.

Ifab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Ifab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Ifab. Save your Honour! [*Exe. Lucio and Isabella.*]

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense,
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? oh, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a Saint,

With

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With Saints dost bait thy hook ! most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue : ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite : Ever 'till this very Now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to a Prison.

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. **H**AIL to you, *Provost* ! so, I think, you are.
Prov. I am the *Provost* ; what's your will,
good *Friar* ?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest Order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison ; do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes ; that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one ; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report : she is with child ;
And he, that got it, sentenc'd : a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die ?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you ; stay a while, [To *Juliet*.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry ?

Juliet. I do ; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you, how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And

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And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then; it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame?
Which sorrow's always tow'rd's ourselves, not heaven;
Shewing, we'd not seek heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him;
So, grace go with you! *benedicite.*

[*Exit.*]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! oh, injurious love,
'That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. **W**HEN I would pray and think, I think and
pray

To sev'ral subjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Isabel*. Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,

Wherein

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Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
 Could I with boot change for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming? blood, thou art but blood:
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
 'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there? —

Serv. One *Isabel*, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
 Making both That unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive: and even so
 The gen'ral subjects to a well-wisht King
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
 please me,

Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Ev'n so?—Heav'n keep your Honour! [*Going.*]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
 As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
 Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
 That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices! 'twere as good
 To pardon him, that hath from nature stol'n

A

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A man already made, as to remit
 Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heav'n's image
 In stamps that are forbid : 'tis all as easie,
 Falsely to take away a life true made ;
 As to put metal in restrained means,
 To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And say you so ? then I shall poze you quickly.
 Which had you rather, that the most just law
 Now took your brother's life ; or, to redeem him,
 Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
 As she, that he hath stain'd ?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
 I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul ; our compell'd sins
 Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How say you ?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that ; for I can speak
 Against the thing I say. Answer to this :
 I, now the voice of the recorded law,
 Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life :
 Might there not be a charity in sin,
 To save this brother's life ?

Isab. Please you to do't,
 I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
 It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
 Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
 Heav'n, let me bear it ! you, granting my suit,
 If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me :
 Your sense pursues not mine : either, you're ignorant ;
 Or seem so, craftily ; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
 But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
 When it doth tax itself ; as these black masks

Proclaim

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Proclaim an en-shield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could display'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross ;
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law ; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself ;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way ;
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once ;
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence,
That you have slander'd so ?

Isab. An ignominious ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses ; lawful mercy, sure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. Oh pardon me, my lord ; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean :

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I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Ifab. Else let my brother die, (9)

If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness!

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Ifab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well;

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we're made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold:
I do arrest your words: be That you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Ifab. I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

(9) *Else let my Brother dye,*

If not a Feodary, but only He, &c.] This is so obscure a Passage, but so fine in its Application, that it deserves to be explain'd. A *Feodary* was One, that, in the Times of Vassalage, held Lands of the chief Lord, under the Tenure of paying Rent and Service: which Tenures were call'd *Feuda* amongst the *Goths*. This being premised, let us come to a Paraphrase of our Author's Words. "We are all frail, says *Angelo*; yes," replies *Isabella*; if all Mankind were not *Feodaries*, who owe "what they have to this Tenure of *Imbecillity*, and who succeed "each other by the same Tenure, as well as my Brother, I "would give him up." And the comparing Mankind, (who, according to some Divines, lye under the Weight of Original Sin) to a *Feodary*, who owes *Suit* and *Service* to his Lord, is, I think, one of the most beautiful Allusions imaginable.

Mr. Warburton.

Ifab.

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Ifab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, *Ifabel*, if you give me love.

Ifab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words expresse my purpose.

Ifab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! seeming, seeming!——
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:

Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Ifabel*?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th' state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for: redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will:
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow;
Or by th' affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.

Ifab. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O most perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make curstie to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,

Yet

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Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up;
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Isabel*, live, chaste; and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo's* request;
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's Rest.
[Exit.



A C T III.

S C E N E, *the Prison.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

D U K E.

SO, then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo*?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd
to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: or death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
life; (10)

(10) ——— Reason thus with Life;

If I do lose thee, I do lose a Thing

That none but Fools would keep.] But this Reading
is not only contrary to all Sense and Reason; but to the Drift
of this moral Discourse. The *Duke*, in his assum'd Character
of a *Friar*, is endeavouring to instill into the condemn'd Pri-
soner a Resignation of Mind to his Sentence; but the Sense
of the Lines, in this Reading, is a direct Persuasive to *Suicide*!
I make no Doubt, but the Poet wrote,

That none but Fools would reck.

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the Loss of.

Mr. Warburton.

If

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If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences;
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict; meerly thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not
noble;

For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means vali-
ant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of Rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy self;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;

For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast none;

For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
The meer effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor
age;

But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lye hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;

And,

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And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho? peace here, grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My Business is a word, or two, with *Claudis*.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,

Yet hear them.

[*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in Deed:

Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,

Intends you for his swift ambassador;

Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.

Therefore your best appointment make with speed,

To morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance; a restraint,
Tho' all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one, as you, consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud.

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Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Lest thou a sev'rous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven Winters more respect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor Beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you, I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? if I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's
grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted Deputy,
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The Princely *Angelo*?

Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In Princely guards. Dost thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank
offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud.

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Claud. Thanks, dearest *Isabel*.

Isab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least,

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Isabel*!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live;
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isa. Oh, you beast!

Oh, faithless coward! oh, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? what should I think?
Heav'n grant, my mother plaid my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness

Ne'er

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Ne'er issu'd from his blood. . Take my defiance,
Die, perish! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Isabel*.

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it self a bawd;
'Tis best, that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Isabella*.

To them, Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your Sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your self to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon; I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[*Exit Claud.*]

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. *Provost*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

V O L. I.

Q

Duke.

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Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Prov.*]

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that *Angelo* hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you do to content this Substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*? if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his Government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents it self. I do make my self believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther; I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodness never fearful: have you not heard speak of *Mariana*, the sister of *Frederick*, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between

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between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreckt at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befall to the poor gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, (that in all reason should have quenched her love,) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer your self to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge it self hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother saved, your Honour untainted,

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tainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection:

Duke. It lies much in your holding up; haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. *Luke's*; there at the moated Grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. **N**AY, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law. A furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bless you, good father *Friar.*

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon

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upon him, Sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou caus'est to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From such a filthy vice? say to thy self,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array my self, and live. (11)
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth stink in some sort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove ———

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-master; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waste, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I spy comfort: I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

(11) *I drink, I eat away myself, and live.* Thus hitherto in all the Impressions. This is one very excellent Instance of the Sagacity of our Editors, and it were to be wish'd heartily, they would have oblig'd us with their physical Solution, how a Man can eat away himself and live. The ingenious Mr. Bishop, when we read this Play together, gave me that most certain Emendation, which I have substituted in the Room of the former foolish Reading; by the Help whereof, we have this easy Sense; that the Clown fed himself, and put Cloaths on his Back, by exercising the vile Trade of a Bawd.

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Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey*? what, at the wheels of *Cæsar*? art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pigmalion's* images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what say'st thou to this tune, matter and method? is't not drown'd i'th' last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it sad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; still worse?

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is her self in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd; an unshunn'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison, *Pompey*?

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, *Pompey*: farewell: go, say, I sent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey*? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his Right. Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey*: commend me to the prison, *Pompey*; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encrease your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty *Pompey*. Bless you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey*? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What news abroad, *Friar*? what news? *Elb.*

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Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go:

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown and Officers.*]

What news, *Friar*, of the *Duke*?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of *Russia*; other Some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the State, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his absence; he puts Transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was got between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: (12) and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

(12)—and he is a Motion generative; that's infallible.] This may be Sense; and *Lucio*, perhaps, may mean, that tho' *Angelo* have the Organs of Generation, yet that he makes no more Use of them than if he were an inanimate Pupper. But I rather think, our Author wrote;—and he is a Motion ungenerative,—because *Lucio* again in this very Scene says;—this ungenitur'd Agent will unpeople the Province with Continency.

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Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? would the Duke, that is absent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducket in her clack-dish; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No: pardon: 'tis a secret must be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wife.

Duke. Wife? why, no question, but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted Need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dear love.

Lucio.

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Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite; but, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear that again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me,

Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if *Claudio* die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish: I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewel, good *Friar*; I pry'thee, pray for me: (13) the duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' she smelt of brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so, farewel.

[Exit.]

(13) *The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat Mutton on Fridays.*] This is not meant to impeach the Duke of being an ill *Catholic*, as transgressing the Rules of Abstinence in Diet: But the Joke, alluded to, will be explain'd by looking back to the second Note on the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

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Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your Honour
is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit
in the same kind? this would make mercy swear, and
play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it
please your Honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio's* information a-
gainst me: mistress *Kate Keep-down* was with child by
him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his
child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jac-*
cob: I have kept it myself; and see, how he goes about
to abuse me.

Escal. This fellow is a fellow of much licence; let
him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison:
go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*] *Pro-*
vost, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio*
must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines,
and have all charitable preparation. If my brother
wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this *Friar* has been with him,
and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke.

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Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes,
Contended specially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he giv'n to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heav'n's your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother Justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner; fare you well.

[Exit.]

Duke. Peace be with you!

He, who the sword of heav'n will bear,

Should

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Should be as holy as severe:
 Pattern in himself to know,
 Grace to stand, and virtue go;
 More nor less to others paying,
 Than by self-offences weighing.
 Shame to him, whose cruel striking!
 Kills for faults of his own liking.
 'Twice treble shame on *Angelo*,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow!
 Oh, what may man within him hide,
 Tho' angel on the outward side!
 How may that likeness, made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 Draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things!
 Craft against vice I must apply.
 With *Angelo* to night shall lye
 His old betrothed, but despis'd;
 So disguise shall by th' disguis'd
 Pay with falshood false exacting;
 And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *A Grange.*

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

S O N G.

TAKE, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mis-lead the morn;
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Enter

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away :
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish,
You had not found me here so musical :
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth is much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good ; tho' musick oft hath such a charm
To make bad, good ; and good prove to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me
here to day ? much upon this time, have I promis'd
here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after : I have fate
here all day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you : the time is come,
even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little ; may
be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to
your self.

Mari. I am always bound to you.

[*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and wellcome :
What is the news from this good deputy ?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backt ;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key :
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this
way ?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't ;
With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke.

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Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No: none, but only a repair i'th' dark;
And that I have possess him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!
Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade your self that I respect you?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do; and I have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaperous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mar. and Isab.*]

Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! welcome; how agreed?

Re-enter Mariana, and Isabel.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,

When

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 351

When you depart from him, but soft and low,

" *Remember now my brother.*

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:

He is your husband on a pre-contract;

To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;

Sith that the justice of your title to him

Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;

Our corn's to reap; for yet our tilth's to sow. (14) [*Ext.*]

SCENE *changes to the Prison.*

Enter Provost and Clown.

Pro. COME hither, firrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Pro. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson*! where's *Abhorson*, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

(14) ——— *for yet our tythe's to sow.*] It must be *Tilth*; that is, our Tillage is yet to be made; our Grain is yet to be put in the Ground; the Project, from which we expect to profit in the Issue, is still to be put in Hand.

Pro.

352 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abbor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.]

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for, surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abbor. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abbor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof——.

Abbor. (15) Every true man's apparel fits your thief, clown: If it be too little for your true man, your Thief thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your

(15) *Abbor.* Every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your Thief, your true Man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your thief, your Thief thinks it little enough: so every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.] This is a very notable Passage, as it stands in all the Editions; but, I dare say, is notably corrupted; and both the Speeches, and the Words, shuffled and misplaced. What! does the *Clown* ask Proof, how the Hangman's Trade is a Mystery; and, so soon as ever *Abborson* advances his Thesis to prove it, the *Clown* takes the Argument out of his Mouth, and perverts the very Tenour of it? I am satisfied, the Poet intended a regular *Syllogism*; and I submit it to judgment, whether my Regulation has not restor'd that Wit, and Humour which was quite lost in the Depravation.

true

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true man, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your ax to morrow, four o' clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you (16) shall find me yare: for, truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. [Exit.]

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine*, and *Claudio*:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lyes starkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your self. [*Ex. Claud.*] But, hark,
what noise? [Knock within.]
Heav'n give your spirits comfort!—by and by;—

(16) *You shall find me yours;*] This Reading, I believe, was first Mr. Rowe's; and consequently adopted by the last Editor. The old Books have it, *You shall find me y'are.*—Very little Sagacity might have instructed them, that the Corruption is only in the *Apostrophe*; and that the Poet's Word was *yare*; i. e. dextrous in the Office; a Word very frequent in our Author's Writings.

354 MEASURE for MEASURE.

I hope, it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provost*! who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabel*?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There is some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the stroak and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his pow'r
To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd
With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. Now they are come.

[*Knock again. Provost goes out.*]

This is a gentle *Provost*; ieldom, when
The steeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noise? that spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds th' unresisting postern with these strokes.

[*Provost returns.*]

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he must die to morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provost*, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profest the contrary.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow ; for as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Duke This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin,
For which the pardoner himself is in :
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority ;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news ?

Prov. I told you : lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on ; methinks, strangely ; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine : for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, Sir ?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in the afternoon ?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born ; but here nurs'd up and bred ; one, that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him ? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov.

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Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him, and, indeed, his fact, 'till now in the government of lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he born himself penitent in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provest*, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesie.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio*'s, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head borne to *Angelo*.

Prov.

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Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it ; shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd before his death ; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune ; by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father ; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy ?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing ?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that ?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke ; you know the character, I doubt not ; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke ; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure ; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, which *Angelo* knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor ; perchance, of the Duke's death ; perchance, of his entering into some monastery ; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd ; put not yourself into amazement how these things should be ; all difficulties are but easie, when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head : I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profeſſion; one would think, it were miſtreſs *Over-done's* own houſe; for here be many of her old customers. Firſt, here's young *Mr. Raſh*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready mony: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt: for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one *Mr. Caper*, at the ſuit of maſter *Three-Pile* the mercer; for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young *Mr. Deep-vow*, and *Mr. Copper-spur*, and maſter *Starve-lacky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-beire* that kill'd luſty *Pudding*, and *Mr. Fortblight* the tilter, and brave *Mr. Shooty* the great traveller, and wild *Half-canne* that ſtabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter *Barnardine*.

Abbor. What, ho, *Barnardine*!

Barnar. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noiſe there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you muſt be ſo good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abbor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abbor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the ſtraw ruffle.

Enter

Enter Barnardine.

Abbor. Is the ax upon the block, Sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abborson*? what's the news with you?

Abbor. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abbor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you. ———

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh, gravel heart! After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;

And,

Enter

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And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious pirate,
A man of *Claudio's* years ; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour : What if we omit
This reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd ;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio* ?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides :
Dispatch it presently ; the hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo* : see, this be done,
And sent according to command ; while I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently :
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoon :
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive ?

Duke. Let this be done ;
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio* :
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*.
[Exit Provost.]

Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provost*, he shall bear them ;) whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home ;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly : him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city ; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter

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Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed.

[*Exit.*

Isab. [*within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Isabel*.—She comes to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.—

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious
daughter.

Isab. The better, giv'n me by so holy a man:
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabel*, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your closest patience.

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy *Claudio*! wretched *Isabel*!
Injurious world! most damned *Angelo*!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heav'n:
Mark, what I say; which you shall surely find
By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.

The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

V O L. I.

R

There

362 MEASURE for MEASURE.

There to give up their pow'r. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.

Isab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to Friar *Peter* give ;
'Tis That he sent me of the Duke's return :
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke, and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter :
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart ; trust not my holy Order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here ?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even ;

Friar, where's the *Provost* ?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart,
to see thine eyes so red ; thou must be patient ; I am
fain to dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare not
for my head fill my belly : one fruitful meal would set
me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow.
By my troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy brother : if the old fan-
tastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had
liv'd. [*Exit Isabella.*]

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to
your reports ; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well
as I do ; he's a better woodman, than thou tak'st him
for.

Duke. Well ; you'll answer this one day. Fare ye
well.

Lucio.

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Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee : I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true ; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing ?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I ; but I was fain to forswear it ; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest : rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end : if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it ; nay, Friar, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. EVERY letter, he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness : pray heav'n, his wisdom be not tainted ! and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there ?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street ?

Escal. He shews his reason for that ; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well ; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd sometimes i'th' morn ; I'll call you at your house : give notice to such men of sort and suit, as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir : fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

R 2

Ang.

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Ang. Good night.
 This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
 And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid!
 And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
 The law against it! but that her tender shame
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
 How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her: (17)
 For my authority bears a credent bulk;
 That no particular scandal once can touch,
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
 Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge;
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
 With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet, he had liv'd!
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to the Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke in his own Habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. THESE letters at fit time deliver me.
 The *Provost* knows our purpose, and our
 plot:
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
 And hold you ever to our special drift;
 Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
 As cause doth minister: go, call at *Flavius'* house,
 And tell him, where I stay; give the like notice
 Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
 But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit Friar.*]

(17) — *yet Reason dares her:*] The old *Folio* Impressions
 read, *yet Reason dares her no:* — perhaps, *dares her Note:*
i. e. stifles her Voice; frights her from speaking.

Enter

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Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius* ; thou hast made good haste :

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius*. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Ifab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth :
I'd say the truth ; but to accuse him so,
That is your part ; yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He says, t'availful purpose. (18)

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Ifab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange ; for 'tis a physick,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar *Peter* ———

Ifab. Oh, peace ; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
founded :

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring : therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*]

(18) *He says to vail full purpose.*] Thus the old Copies. I don't know, what Idea our Editors form'd to themselves, of *vailling full purpose* ; but, I'm persuaded, the Poet meant, as I have restor'd ; viz. to a Purpose that will stand us in stead, that will profit us.





A C T V.

SCENE, *A publick Place near the City.**Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, and Citizens at several Doors.*

D U K E.

MY very worthy cousin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see
you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud; and I should
wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, *Escalus*;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out,*

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel be-
fore him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid:

Oh,

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 367

Oh, worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be brief:

Here is lord *Angelo* shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: oh, hear me, hear me.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. Course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange. (19)

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak;
That *Angelo's* forsworn, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murth'rer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times truer; for truth is truth,
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

(19) *And she will speak most bitterly.*] Thus is the Verse left imperfect by Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope; tho' the old Copies all fill it up, as I have done. I have restor'd an infinite Number of such Passages tacitly from the first Impressions: but I thought proper to take notice, once for all, here, that as Mr. Pope follows Mr. Rowe's Edition in his Errors and Omissions, it gives great Suspicion, notwithstanding the pretended Collation of Copies, that Mr. Pope, for the Generality, took Mr. Rowe's Edition as his Guide.

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Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not ; with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible
That, which but seems unlike ; 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As *Angelo* ; even so may *Angelo*,
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain : believe it, royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty, •
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense ;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on That ; nor do not banish reason
For inequality ; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid ;
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.
What would you say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head ; condemn'd by *Angelo* :
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother ; one *Lucio*,
As then the messenger, —

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace :
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak. [To *Lucio*.

Lucio. No, my good lord, nor wish'd to hold my
peace.

Duke.

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Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for your self, pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The warrant's for your self; take heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;— proceed.

Isab. In brief; (to set the needless Process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd;
For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscent intemp'rate lust,
Release my brother? and after much debatement,
My sisterly Remorse confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a Warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemence he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;

R 5

Confess

370 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Confess the truth, and say, by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: Heav'n shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone. An Officer;
To prison with her. Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? this needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick*?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this is a good *Friar*, belike;
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute! let this *Friar* be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that *Friar*,
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy *Friar*,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my Trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio.

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Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. On his meer request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was Complaint
Intended 'gainst lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath
By all Probation will make up full clear,
Whenever he's conven'd. First, for this woman;
To justify this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
'Till she her self confess it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not smile at this, lord *Angelo*?
O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats; come, Cousin *Angelo*, (20)
In this I will be partial: be you Judge
Of your own Cause. Is this the witness, *Friar*?
[*Isabella is carried off, guarded.*

(20) ————— comes, cousin *Angelo*,

In this I'll be impartial: be you judge

Of your own Cause.] Surely, this Duke had odd No-
tions of Impartiality; to profess it, and then commit the De-
cision of a Cause to the Person accus'd of being the Criminal.
He talks much more rationally on this Affair, when he speaks
in the Character of the *Friar*.

————— *The Duke's unjust,*
Thus to retort your manifest Appeal;
And put your Trial in the Villain's mouth,
Which here you come t'accuse.—————

I think, there needs no stronger Authority to convince, that
the Poet must have wrote as I have corrected;
In this I will be partial;

Enter

Enter Mariana veil'd.

First let her shew her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid,
widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of
them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some
cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid;
I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no
better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert
so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord *Angelo*.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband. [To Mariana.

Mari. Why, just, my lord; and that is *Angelo*;
Who thinks, he knows; that he ne'er knew my body;
But

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But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabel's*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse; let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[*Unveiling.*]

This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from *Isabel*;
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my self and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her Reputation was dis-valu'd
In levity; since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heav'n, and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But *Tuesday* night last gone, in's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile 'till now.

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more

But

374 MEASURE for MEASURE.

But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou, thy
oaths,

Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation? You, lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar*, that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your *Provost* knows the place, where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
Do with your injuries, as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [Exit.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. Signior *Lucio*,
did not you say, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be
a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*; honest in nothing,
but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke most villanous
speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he come,
and inforce them against him; we shall find this *Friar* a
notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here once again: I would
speak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to
question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio.

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Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she should sooner confess; perchance, publicly she'll be ashamed.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost; Isabella is brought in.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum—

Escal. Come, Sir, did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great Place; and let the devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.

Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But oh, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress: is the Duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal;

And put your trial in the villain's mouth,

Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he, I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd Friar, Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women T'accuse this worthy man, but with foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear,

To

376 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to th' rack with him: we'll touze you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose:
What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke dare no more stretch
This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His subject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my business in this state
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to th' state! away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior *Lucio*?
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, Goodman
bald-pate;

Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the found of your
voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the
duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what
you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? and was the duke a flesh-
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him
to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with me, ere
you make that my report: you spoke so of him, and
much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck
thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love my self.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after
his treasonable abuses.

Escal.

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Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to prison: where is the *Provost*? away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more; away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a-while.

Ang. What! resists he? help him, *Lucio*.

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying rascal; you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you; show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a duke. First, *Provost*, let me bail these gentle three. Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:
[*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave:
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable;
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame;
But let my tryal be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana*:

Say; wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, *Friar*; which consummate,

Return

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Return him here again: go with him, *Provost*.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*]

Esc. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Isabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorn'd at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vassall, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Isabel*:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart:
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be so lost: Oh, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort:
So, happy is your brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.
Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For *Mariana's* sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;

Like

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Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifested;
Which tho' thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block,
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death; and with like haste;
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his possessions,
Altho' by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege——

Duke. You do but lose your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh, my good lord! Sweet *Isabel*, take my part.
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her;
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. *Isabel*,
Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
Oh, *Isabel*! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir, [Kneeling]
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As

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As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects:
Intent, but meerly thoughts.

Mari. Meerly, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it, *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.

I thought, it was a fault, but knew it not;

Yet did repent me, after more advice:

For testimony whereof, one in the prison,

That should by private order else have dy'd,

I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by *Claudio*:
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

Escal. I'm sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Prov.

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Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And squar'st thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his head;
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake [*To Isab.*
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say, you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
[*To Lucio.*

One of all luxury, an afs, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to
the trick; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I
had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provost*, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to
a whore: your highness said even now, I made you a
duke;

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duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her :
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits ; take him to prison :
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,
whipping and hanging.

Duke. Stand'ring a prince deserves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look, you restore.
Joy to you, *Mariana* : love her, *Angelo* :
I have confes'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend *Escalus*, for thy much goodness :
There's more behind, that is more gratefull.
Thanks, *Provoost*, for thy care and secresie ;
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place :
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s ;
Th' offence pardons itself. Dear *Isabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine :
So bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet You all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First Volume.



